

John Dick 313 Strand

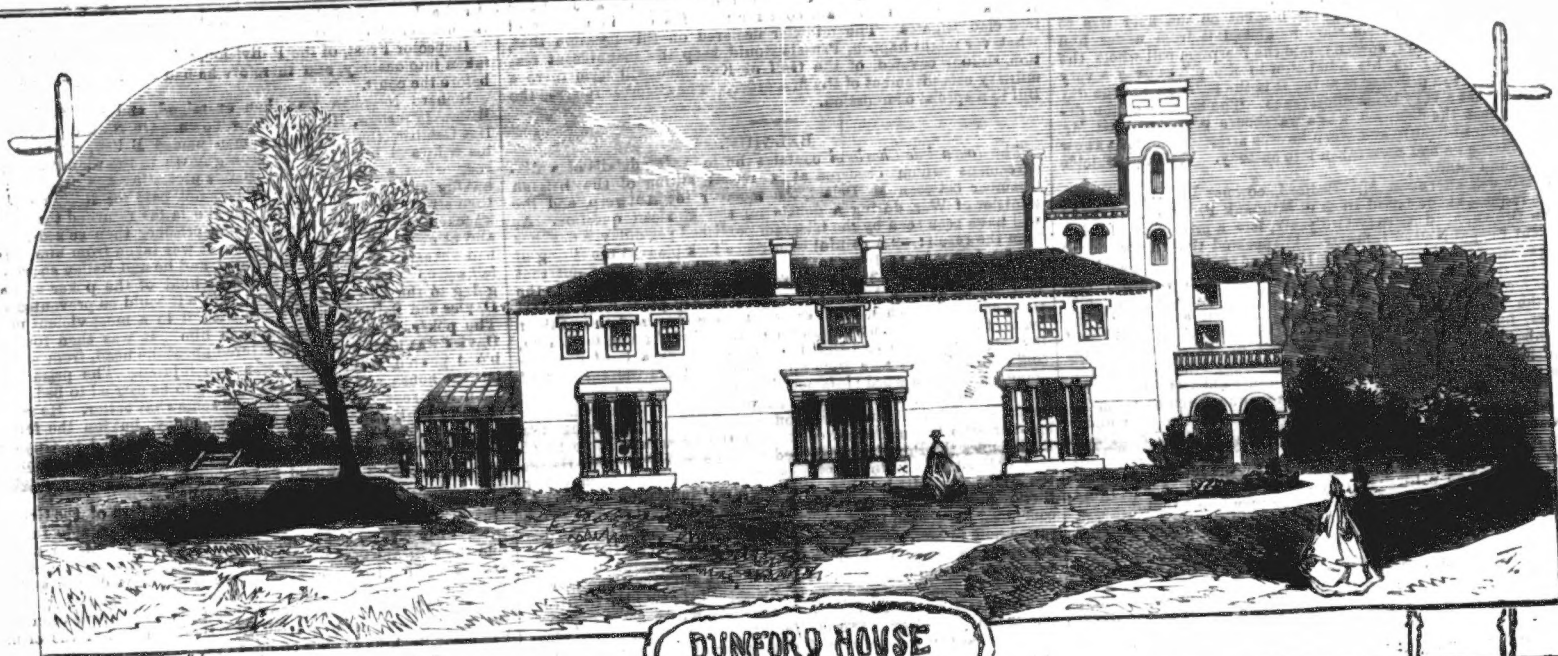
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



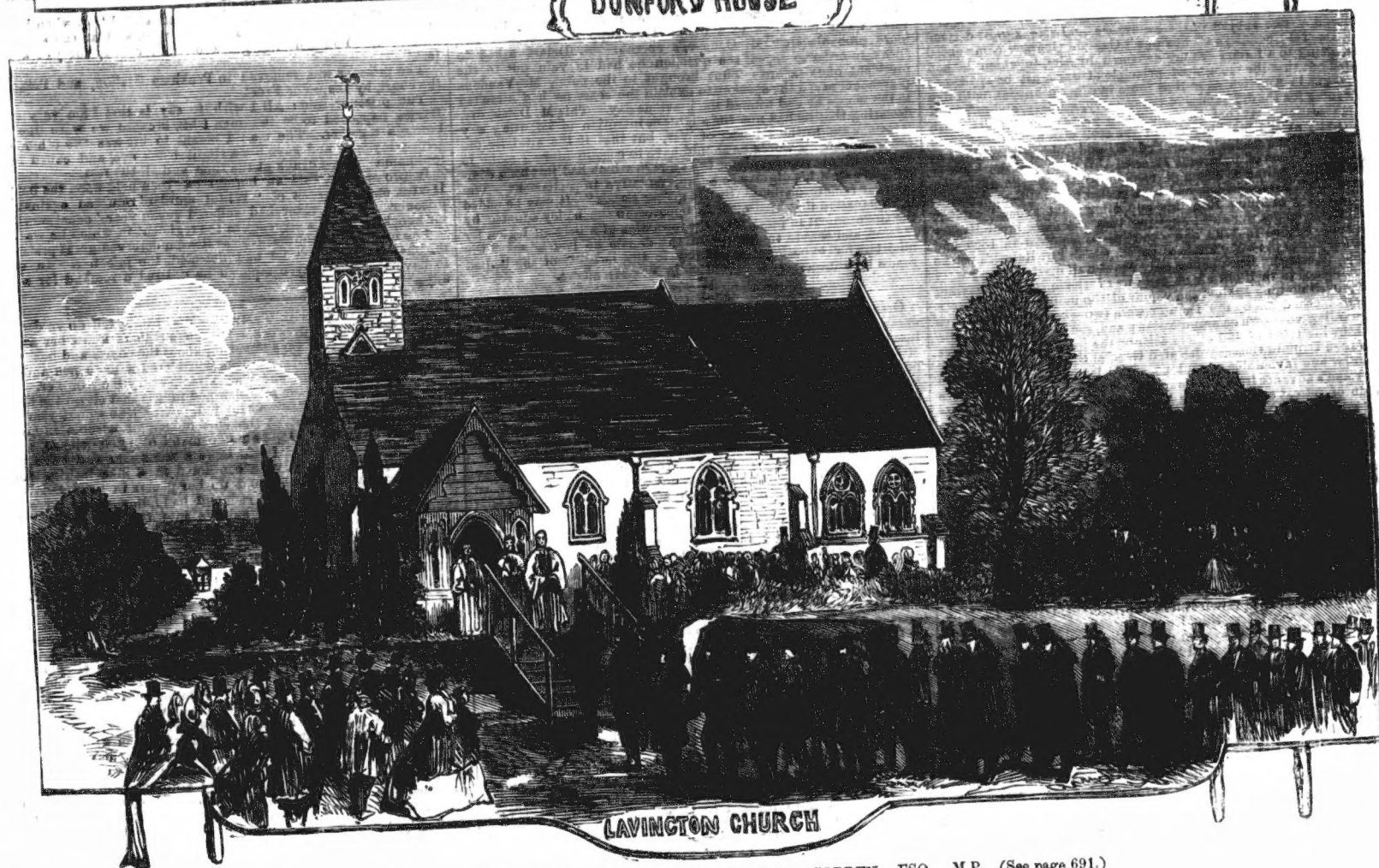
No. 96.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

ONE PENNY.



DUNFORD HOUSE



LAVINGTON CHURCH

RESIDENCE AND FUNERAL OF THE LATE RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P. (See page 691.)

Notes of the Week.

At the Woolwich Police-court, Henry Robinson was placed at the bar before Mr. Maude, charged with violently assaulting his infant child, Alice Maude Robinson, by setting her on fire. The following certificate was handed to the magistrate from Mr. Stuart, the divisional police surgeon:—"I certify that Alice Maude Robinson, a child, said to be thirteen months of age, was brought to me early on the morning of the 8th April. The child is severely burnt, viz., two burns on the right leg, one on the left leg, and one on each buttock." From the evidence it appeared that about midnight on the previous Friday the prisoner retained home in a state of intoxication, and taking up the infant placed it deliberately over the fire. The cries of the infant attracted the attention of Mrs. Ann Mackintosh, a woman residing in the same house, through whose information the prisoner was apprehended. The prisoner's wife, who gave her evidence with much reluctance, corroborated the facts stated, and the prisoner was remanded.

An inquest was held on Saturday by Mr. Payne, deputy coroner, at Newgate, relative to the death of Samson Perry, a prisoner, aged twenty-five, who committed suicide while under restraint in the prison. The deceased was charged at the Mansion House on the previous Thursday with having been concerned, with two others, in stealing a large quantity of silk from Mr. O. Kennedy, his employer. Evidence was given to justify a remand, and he was conveyed to Newgate. Sergeant Parsons, a City Detective, who arrested the deceased, said that when he was examined he was very desponding. When he was brought to the prison he was made to take a warm bath; he did not look very ill, and therefore no doctor saw him. Thomas Finn, chief warder at Newgate, deposed that he was called to the deceased on the Friday morning. He was undressed and his hands were tied behind him with a garter. He must have first tied his hands in front of him, and then passed his tied hands over his head. On the floor of the cell, underneath the gaspipe, he had placed a blanket, and on that he placed a stool. He had then taken a piece of web strapping, and, having fastened it to his scurl, tied it round his neck, and then he had attached the end of it to the gaspipe. Witness could not explain how he had then fastened his hands behind him. The reason for his putting the blanket on the floor was to prevent the noise of the stool when he kicked it from under him being heard. Mr. Clark, surgeon, said the reception cell where the deceased was placed on his admission to the prison was a very dreary one, and to a prisoner entering it in the latter part of the day it would present a very black appearance. The brother of the deceased said that the deceased was a warehouse porter, and left Mr. Kennedy from ill-health, and when he was arrested he did not know on what charge he had been taken into custody. Verdict, "Suicide from unsound mind."

On Monday afternoon Mr. Bedford, coroner for Westminster, held an inquest at the board-room of Millbank Prison on the body of John Brown, aged twenty-two years, late a private in the 5th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry. It appeared that the wretched man was tried for mutiny in June, 1861, and sentenced to penal servitude for life by sentence of court-martial. At a subsequent period he was received at Pentonville Prison, where he made an attempt upon the life of Mr. James, the schoolmaster, and one of the warders, for which he received thirty-six lashes, on the 29th of September last, which punishment did not in the slightest degree diminish the violence of his conduct; he having attempted to commit suicide on several of the other officials. On his removal to Millbank the medical officer pronounced him as suffering from despondency, and he was treated in the usual manner under such circumstances, and with the utmost care. On the 7th instant, on the warder going his rounds, and on knocking at the cell door, he was unable, owing to some pressure from the interior, to effect an entrance, and on calling assistance found the prisoner hanging from a gas pipe by a piece of osium. The jury found that deceased had destroyed himself while labouring under temporary insanity. d

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGNS.

Captain C. C. Chesney, R.E., Professor of Military History, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, delivered a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution. The Duke of Cambridge was in the chair, and among those present were Sir Edward Cust, Lord Hotham, Lord Frederick Powlett, Sir Frederick Nicholson, and General Hamilton. The subject of the lecture was, "Lessons to be derived from General Sherman's Campaigns." Captain Chesney commenced by referring to a former lecture delivered by him, in which he had pointed out that the recognised principle of war must be applied to campaigns in America, as well as those in other countries, with due allowances for the differences of the country, soldiery, and means of communication. At that time, now two years since, the first rush of curiosity at the breaking out of the civil war had died off, and the study of the campaigns of Federals and Confederates was unpopular. No one of judgment asserted this now, and the lecturer observed that it was a lesson of caution to the public generally, who it could not be denied, had been misled by a brilliant narrative of the defeat of Bull's Run into supposing that Federal soldiers could never be got to fight, forgetting that the early revolutionary armies of France in 1792 and the Prussian soldiers in 1806, had been subject to the same kind of panics which Mr. Russell's men so keenly described. Such panics only showed ill discipline and want of confidence in their officers on the part of the men so behaving, and proved nothing against the valour of the nation. The military lessons insisted on by the lecturer were two—first, the importance of guarding your own communication; and, secondly, the possibility of throwing this rule and others aside on the part of a man of genius (for such Captain Chesney declared General Sherman to be) under peculiar and favourable conditions. The lecturer then referred to Sherman's advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta, praising Johnston's mode of retreat and censuring Hood's mistakes. Describing next the manoeuvres which preceded Sherman's march from Atlanta to Savannah, the lecturer praised Sherman for his skill in first attacking Hood to the westward, and then seizing the opportunity offered by Hood in not only assailing Sherman's line of communication on the west, but pushing on to Nashville. Sherman was also praised for solving the problem of capturing the coast cities of the Confederacy by marching upon them from the rear. The lecturer commented freely on Hood's errors, and mentioned his disaster before Nashville as one of many instances in which in this war troops had been successfully attacked in their entrenched lines. Special explanations were given of the means used in these Georgia campaigns for roughly entrenching, and of the means employed for destroying permanently the railroads. He said that the Federals accomplished this last feat to perfection. Captain Chesney concluded a most interesting lecture by some remarks on the demoralizing effect of the system of obtaining supplies for his army which was adopted by General Sherman. He believed it too probable that the atrocities lately reported from the Carolinas were not much, if in any degree, exaggerated. The Duke of Cambridge expressed the gratification he felt at the interesting details which Captain Chesney had given of the campaigns of General Sherman; at the same time he confessed his inability to follow with ease the course of these American campaigns; they were so extended in their operations, and so much disconnected with each other. One thing had struck him very forcibly while listening to the statements of General Chesney, and that was that the spade would form a great element in all future campaigns. It had been said that cavalry had become obsolete, but nothing struck him more forcibly of the absolute necessity of cavalry than what had resulted from their use in the American campaign.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter has the following:—"The Marquis de Lavalette, the present Minister of the Interior, is generally understood to be a descendant of the remarkable man whose fate excited such a deep interest in the public mind after the return of Louis XVIII to Paris, and the flight of Napoleon. Lavalette senior was, during the exile of the great Emperor at Elba, Postmaster-General, and was accused by the Bourbons of aiding his return to France. Contrary to the capitulation of Paris, he was brought to trial, and condemned to death. In vain, efforts were made by the Duke of Wellington and the chiefs of the allied army to avert the sentence. Everything was prepared to carry it into execution, when his wife, with a generous devotion, contrived to get admission to his prison, and, changing dresses, enabled him to escape. Three Englishmen—Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Hutchinson—aided him to reach the frontier. The gallant general, Sir Robert Wilson, lent M. de Lavalette his uniform. I have had the pleasure of hearing these particulars from a veteran who was with Sir Robert Wilson on the day that the general escaped this generous part, for which he and his friends were afterwards tried by a French jury, and were condemned to a short imprisonment. This event was not devoid of political consequences. A kindly feeling sprang up between the two nations. From this day dated a respect for the English character among the Parisians, who highly appreciated the generosity and courage of the three Englishmen. The present marquis, who now occupies the Ministry of the Interior, enters the Imperial Cabinet with a friendly feeling towards England, and is known to be a strong partisan of the independence and union of the kingdom of Italy. The marquis married an American lady some years ago, and is well known in London and Paris society."

PRUSSIA.

In a recent sitting of the Prussian Chamber the Minister of War demanded an extraordinary credit of £2,720,000 for the navy. This sum is to be devoted to the erection of military ports at Jedd and Kiel, and to the immediate construction of a certain number of iron-clad frigates. The minister declared on this occasion that, whatever might happen, Prussia would keep the magnificent station, so long coveted, of the Gulf of Kiel; and will form there a military establishment of the first order. The chamber referred the Bill to a special commission.

BELGIUM.

The *Journal de Charleroi* contains the following details of a disagreement which occurred at a recent sitting of the Belgian Chamber between M. Delaet, the member for Antwerp, and the Minister of War, during a debate on the Mexican question. As will have been seen by the telegram published yesterday, a duel has been the result:—"A painful occurrence took place at the sitting of the 5th inst. In replying to M. Delaet, who had given out that blanks had been left in the orders of authorization delivered to the Mexican volunteers, in order that the power of proceeding against them as deserters should be reserved in case they made use of their leave of absence for any other purpose than that of going to Mexico, the Minister of War said that these only were capable of committing such infamous acts who attributed to others the thought of doing so. At the word 'infamous' M. Delaet rose, and, addressing the President in a deeply agitated voice, asked if the Chamber meant to let such an expression pass without censuring the speaker who had made use of it. To the great astonishment of the tribunes the President answered not one word, and M. Delaet was obliged to sit down without having received from either the right or left benches the slightest indication of sympathetic support. But no sooner had the Minister of War concluded his speech than a messenger of the chamber delivered a sealed note to him from the member for Antwerp (M. Delaet), the contents of which I am ignorant of, but which appeared to produce a deep impression upon him, for immediately after receiving it, and while M. Cooman was replying to his speech, I saw him rise from his chair and go down into the hemicycle, where some deputies, among others M. Vriers and M. Rogier, at once joined him. What took place at this little council I cannot say, but conversation was extremely animated, and in the tribune it was generally thought there was a challenge to a duel. This supposition became still more probable after M. Cooman's speech. M. Delaet asked to speak, in order to repeat the question he had in vain put to the president once before. Thus brought to the point, M. Vandenberghe asked the speaker to explain the sense he had attached to the words he had uttered the previous day. This M. Delaet did, declaring that he had not the slightest intention of imputing any infamous act to the Minister of War, but that if the minister did not withdraw his words he should have to consult himself alone in order to obtain reparation for the outrage which had just been committed against his dignity as a representative in parliament. The minister remained silent. So the matter stands." It may be added in explanation that M. Delaet is opposed to the policy adopted by the Government in permitting the formation of a Belgian legion for Mexico, and that in the course of the debate he had attacked the ministers for exposing the country to the hostility of the United States by unnecessary intervention in Mexican affairs.

AMERICA.

Grant announces that at early morning, on the 25th, the Confederates attacked the extreme right of the Potomac army, and captured Fort Steadman and two minor works, together with General McLaughlin and many prisoners. They also attacked Fort Haskell, but were repulsed. Subsequently the Federals were heavily reinforced, and after several ineffectual attempts repossessed the captured works, driving the Confederates back to their own lines, with the loss of about 1,000 prisoners. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded is estimated at 3,000. The Federal loss is stated at 1,000.

Lee's object is believed to have been to seize Grant's military railway from Gray Point, and it is admitted that had he succeeded it would have compelled the abandonment of the whole Federal line south of the Appomattox. Confederate prisoners attribute their failure to the delay, early in the assault, of the general to whom the command of the movement had been entrusted.

During the day Grant advanced his extreme left, driving in the Confederate pickets and capturing some rifle pits. A fierce contest ensued, lasting until eight p.m., the Federals holding the rifle pits at the close. Loss, 1,200; that of Confederates not given, but stated as heavy.

Schofield reports that he occupied Goldsborough on the 22nd. He had encountered but slight opposition subsequent to the battles before Kingston. The Federal forces engaged at both Averyborough and Bentonville, he states, were Sherman's. Grant informs Secretary Stanton that he has official news from Sherman to the 22nd of March, which shows hard fighting, resulting in the capture of 2,000 prisoners and heavy losses to the enemy in killed and wounded. Sherman's own loss since leaving Savannah was 2,500.

Mr. Lincoln visited the Potomac army on Saturday, the 25th, and, together with Mrs. Lincoln and a number of ladies and gentlemen, witnessed a portion of the battle on that day. He has ordered General Anderson to proceed to Charleston, and upon the 14th proximo hoist upon Fort Sumter the identical flag which he hoisted down four years previously, when he surrendered the fort to General Beauregard. Mr. Lincoln has also ordered a salute of 100 guns in celebration of the ceremony to be fired by each of the Con-

federate batteries which assisted in the reduction of the fort, and that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher be invited to deliver an address upon the occasion.

The United States' District Court at New Orleans has ordered the confiscation of the properties in that city belonging to Mr. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of State, and Mr. John Smith, Confederate commissioner at Paris.

SHOCKING ATROCITIES.—FOUR LADIES ROASTED ALIVE.

The Fort Smith (Arkansas) *New Era* of February 11th says:—"Six heavily-ironed prisoners came up on the lotus the day before yesterday from Clarksville, among whom was G. W. Hutchinson, formerly chaplain of the 1st Coloured Kansas Infantry. The names of four others are W. B. Farmer, of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry; B. H. Atwell, 2nd Arkansas Cavalry; John Sparks, 2nd Arkansas Infantry; and C. O. Kimball, citizen, formerly of the 2nd Kansas Cavalry, and more recently a lieutenant in the 2nd Arkansas. Ex-chaplain Hutchinson, who resigned his position in the army some time last spring in order to follow the real bent of his inclinations upon the Government and people. How far he is incriminated with the deeds of the other prisoners cannot be ascertained until after more thorough investigation of the case. The other prisoners stand charged with torturing four respectable ladies over a slow fire till they were horribly mutilated about their heads, shoulders, and feet, and with ravishing them, from the effects of which one died, and the others were made cripples for life. The object of the cruel wretches was to obtain some money, a considerable amount of which these ladies were supposed to have in their possession. They lived about seventy-five miles below this place, in the vicinity of Clarksville. Three of the unfortunate victims are now at the latter place under medical treatment. Their houses were also burned down. Information was received the day before yesterday, and seven other persons had been put in irons at Clarksville charged with being accomplices in the above crimes."

A SELF-CONFESSED MURDERER.

At the Lambeth Police-court, Richard Havlin was charged with the murder of John Davies.

Inspector Frost, of the P division, said the prisoner had just been taken into custody, and therefore he had not a complete case to lay before the court.

Richard Newman was then examined, and said he lived at 5, Britannia-terrace, Hatcham New Town. On Saturday, the 29th of last October, the deceased, a man named Bailey, the prisoner and his wife, and himself, were sitting down in the room having some beer, when a dispute arose, Bailey protesting against the prisoner having any more beer, as he had not paid for it. The prisoner then struck Bailey, upon which the latter returned the blow and knocked the prisoner down. The prisoner then seized the poker and attempted to strike Bailey, but it was taken from him. Davies had not said one word or interfered, and he and Bailey shortly after fell asleep. The prisoner then got hold of the poker again, and going to the two sleeping men before it could be prevented struck Davies and Bailey several times with it in a most violent manner. The poker was again taken from him. It was then found that Davies was most dreadfully injured about the head, from which the blood poured, while Bailey was also injured. The prisoner then left the house, and Davies was obliged to be carried to bed. A surgeon was sent for, and he became somewhat better. He managed to go to work on the following Wednesday, but on the following day he became quite insensible, and was conveyed to Guy's Hospital, where he expired. Previously to his removal the prisoner saw him and said he would get money to obtain some comforts for him. He went out, but he never returned.

Thomas Reason, a private in the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, said he was on duty that day at the magazine in Hyde-park, when he saw the prisoner. He called him by name, and then told the sergeant that he was the man charged with the murder of Davies. The prisoner was then placed in the guardroom, and afterwards removed to Marlborough Police-station. The witness further stated that he knew the prisoner from his having been in the regiment some nine years before. Having heard of the crime he had committed, he at once stopped him.

Sergeant Fookes, of the same regiment, stated that when he took the prisoner he said he was not the man, and at the station he remarked, "You will not get a medal for this, for you are too fast."

The prisoner was removed to Peckham Station, and thence to the court, by Inspector Frost.

The prisoner said: All I wish to say is that I am very sorry Davies happened to be the man I hit, because we were like two brothers together. The man I meant to hit was the other, who struck my wife and gave her a slight black eye, and called her a foul name. I was drunk at the time, and all the rest.

Inspector Frost said an inquest had been held upon the body of Davies, and a verdict of "Wilful murder" returned against the prisoner. The prisoner had suffered seven years' penal servitude for knocking down a sergeant in the regiment in which he was.

The magistrate said the witness Reason deserved great praise for the manner in which he had detected the prisoner. In order to have the case fully completed he ordered a remand for a few days.

A NOTORIETY OF THE TEMPLE.—Miss Flight fell down dead in the Middle Temple this week. Dickens's readers know her as the little lady who was always hovering about the courts and behaving eccentrically. Doubtless she was considered a mere pen-and-ink sketch from fancy, but she was a fact, every inch of her. She would, we know, stop the most learned judges that sit on the bench when in full swing of their awful judgment. She would rise and shake her long white hair flat at the embodiment of wisdom in horse-hair, and exclaim, "Oo, you vile man! oh, you wicked man! Give me my property! I will issue a mandamus and have your *obscure corpus*!" And having continued in a like fashion for a minute or two she would bind up her papers in a "red tape"—at least, tape that had once been red, and had followed her dirty fortunes for years—and either subside into the seat granted her beside the barristers or depart triumphant from court. No usher had dared exclaim, "Silence!" or send forth the hush of the cackling animal peculiar to that official. No barrister had nudged her under the fourth rib, as he might have done another, and would have done had she been fairer. And the learned judge, sitting patiently till the end, with a mild perspiration only rising on the tip of the nose to show that he was in any way put out, would then, as if nothing had occurred, resume the thread of his learned judgment, to be appealed against, perhaps, soon after. What the mystery is between Miss Flight and the Bar no one can tell. She may have been the embodiment of a peculiar wrong, and have appeared in the eyes of the bewigged as a sort of ghost threatening the evil-doers with the shades. Perhaps she was persecuted merely out of some stray idea of benevolence. We scarcely thought of that in connexion with the object of our comment, and yet to a certain extent it may be true, as she received from the right learned Middle Temple a sum of shillings per week which she added to a sum of shillings received from the right learned Inner Temple, and so she supported life. But why the learned of the law gave something for nothing and were afraid of and respectful to the little woman let no man inquire. The little woman's soul has, however, flitted, and we can say that, after all, the few young lawyers who know naught of her history will send after her whither she has gone a word of regret.—*Court Journal*.

THE FUNERAL OF RICHARD COBDEN.

THEY have laid the great son of the Sussex yeoman to sleep on one of the loveliest hills of his lovely country. The sad ceremonial took place on Friday, April 8th. England has mourned for him as for one with whom even she has not many who can bear comparison; and she would willingly have had Richard Cobden lie in the ancient abbey of St. Peter, Westminster, where she would have cherished his ashes as those of "the greatest political character that the pure middle class of the country has ever produced." Grand epitaph from great life! But it was otherwise ordered. The bones of Richard Cobden lie where the bones of his fathers have crumbled into dust, and in the same vault in which some nine or ten years ago, they laid the body of his only son. Home ties, ever powerful appeals to Mr. Cobden, have bound him, even in death, to the parish in which he was born, and they whom his end has left disconsolate may now hope one day to lie beside him.

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow," says Young, and this time Death, though he might have out down one who would have been more missed, could hardly have smitten one who would have been more regretted. Many who had hardly known him, save by reputation, came long distances to bow their heads over his grave, and when the special train, which the South-Western Railway obliquely ran to Midhurst for the accommodation of the visitors to the burying-place, started from Waterloo at a quarter to ten o'clock, it bore statesmen, orators, members of parliament, deputations from various municipalities and other public bodies, some private persons who knew the dead intimately, and some who only admired him for the work that he did and the way in which he did it. Manchester deputed Mr. George Wilson, chairman of the Anti-Corn Law League, its hon. secretary, Mr. S. B. Robinson, and its secretary, Mr. Jos. Hickson; Sir Eleanora Armitage, Mr. Abel Heywood, Mr. Henry Ashworth, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce; Mr. Malcolin Ross, Mr. Hugh Fleming, Mr. T. Warburton, Mr. Samuel Pope, and Mr. M. Phillips. Rochdale, its populous constituency, sent the Mayor, Mr. J. W. Tatham, Mr. Stott, Mr. E. Ashworth, Mr. Cosmador Pagan, and Mr. Thomas Hoyle. The Reform Association of the borough chose Mr. W. Fenton, Mr. T. Bright, Mr. R. Hurst, Aldermen Heape and Kershaw, and Messrs. Hoyle, Robinson, Booth, Mansell, and Kershaw, and Messrs. Willins, J. Ashworth, D. Whittaker, W. Petrie, R. Mills, and B. Ashworth. Salford sent Mr. Wright Turner, mayor, and Alderman J. W. Weston; Blackburn, Messrs. R. Shackleton and W. Polding; Edinburgh, Mr. Duncan McLaren, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Bolton, Mr. T. Thomasson (one of the executors under Mr. Cobden's will) and Mr. T. Thomasson, jun.; Oldham, its Mayor, Mr. Escripp, Alderman Walmesley, and Mr. H. Coppock, Town Clerk; Liverpool, Mr. T. G. Gladstone; and Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. John Glazebrook. Among the members of parliament and other gentlemen present were Lord Alfred Paget, M.P., Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P., Mr. St. John, M.P., Mr. Villiers, M.P., Sir Patrick O'Brien, Bart., M.P., M. A. J. Otway, M.P., Mr. Moffatt, M.P., Mr. J. B. Smith, M.P., Sir J. Robert Oulton, Bart., M.P., Mr. Charles Westerton, Mr. Bazley, M.P., Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. Weguelin, M.P., Mr. Chestham, M.P., Mr. Brown Westhead, M.P., Mr. Potter, M.P., Mr. Barnes, M.P., Mr. S. Gurney, M.P., Lord Kinsland, Mr. Pilkington, M.P., Mr. Lawson, M.P., Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., Sir O. W. Dilke, the Rev. Bright, M.P., Mr. Gilpin, M.P., Mr. W. Ewart M.P., the Rev. Newman Hall, Professor Fawcett, Mr. James Baul, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Paulson, Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., Sir John Shelley, M.P., Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., the Rev. W. Brook, Sir G. Crossley, Bart., Sir Colman O'Leighlin, Lord Clarence Paget, M.P., Mr. E. Baines, M.P., Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester; Mr. Bridgen, Mayor of Brighton; Mr. Alonzo G. Grant, from Ohio; Mr. Phillips, from Wisconsin; Mr. Adams, the American minister; and Mr. F. W. Chesson, hon. secretary of the Emancipation Society.

Pressing engagements prevented the attendance of a large number of gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Maguire, M.P., who actually went to Midhurst to say that he regretted a call to Ireland would not allow him to remain for the funeral. The Bishop of Oxford, formerly vicar of the parish, sent to Mr. Fisher the following letter, stating the cause of his absence:—

"My dear Mr. Fisher.—I am much obliged to you for your note. It would have been a sad satisfaction to me to have been able to pay that mark of respect to the great Sussex Englishman who has been, for us, so prematurely taken away. But I am barely recovering myself from a severe bronchial affection, and am only allowed at present to go out with precautions and conditions which make me quite unable to venture to Lavington on Friday. Would you let any of his friends who care to know it know the reason of my absence? I feel his loss deeply; I think it a great national loss. But my feelings dwell rather on the loss of such a man, whom I hope it is not too much for me to venture to call my friend. His gentleness of nature, the tenderness and freshness of his affections, his exceeding modesty, his master love of truth, and his ready and kindly sympathy—these invested him with an unusual charm for me! How deeply I feel for his wife and for his daughters!

"I am, my dear Mr. Fisher,

"Ever most truly yours,

"S. OXON.

"April 5, 1865."

The rendezvous was at Cooking Causeway, about a mile from Midhurst, a mile from Dunford House, and half a mile from West Lavington Church. The party by train reached the Causeway through rural lanes, where the bright green buds were opening under the influence of a warm sun that would have done no discredit to an August day, and where tiny fronds of young fern were curling upwards to meet the balmy breath of spring. Soon after noon the funeral, under the direction of Mr. Garstin, of Welbeck-street, left Dunford House, where we regret to say, Mr. Cobden lies prostrated by illness, brought on by the heavy blow with which it has pleased heaven to afflict her, and here it consisted of only a close hearse, without plumes, and four mourning coaches containing Mr. Charles Cobden, brother of Mr. Cobden; Mr. William Sale, Manchester, and Mr. John Williams, Mr. Cobden's brother-in-law; Mr. Fred Hogard, cousin of Mr. Cobden; Mr. Charles F. Kirk and Mr. W. Sale, jun., other relatives; Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Fisher, sen., and Mr. Fisher, jun.

At Cooking had assembled a deputation of the inhabitants of Midhurst, all wearing crape, and here the procession was re-constituted in the following order:—

The Undertaker and his Assistants.
The Labourers on the Estate.
The Deputation from Midhurst.

THE HEARSE.

Twelve Pallbearers.
Four Mourning Coaches.
Private Carriages.
Members of Parliament.
The Various Deputations.
The Visitors.

And so it proceeded along a pleasant road until it reached the gate of the churchyard, which is beautifully situated on the crown of a well-planted knoll, whence, in whatever direction the eye is turned, can be seen some of the exquisite rolling and woody scenery for which Mid-Sussex is famed. The gate was carefully guarded by a band of the county police under Captain Mountbatten, chief constable, and here the coffin was removed from the hearse and placed on the bier, which caused a little delay, as if the body waited for a response to some such appeal as Wolsey's to the monks—

"An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity."

And then borne by the labourers, who almost worshipped their kind master, the coffin was taken to the church porch. Messrs. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., J. Bright, M.P., C. P. Villiers, M.P., M. Gibson, M.P., H. Ashurst, T. Bazley, M.P., A. W. Paulson, T. Potter, J. Thomasson, sen., G. Wilson, W. Evans, and George Moffatt, all wearing crape armlets and hat bands, being pallbearers. It was received at the carved oak porch by the Rev. James Currie, M.A., of University College, Oxford, vicar of West Lavington; the Rev. Walter Francis Elgie, M.A., of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, assistant curate of West Lavington; and the Rev. Caleb Collins, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, rector of Stodham and Hayshot, near Midhurst, whose church Mr. Cobden was in the habit, when at home, of attending. These clergy in their surplices, hoods, and black stoles, preceded the coffin to the chancel, accompanied by several other clergymen of the neighbourhood in their collegiate gowns.

The church, to which many a visit will now be paid, since in its God's-acre rests all that could die of Richard Cobden, is a small structure in the early English style, an engraving of which will be found on our front page, and capable of holding perhaps 300 persons. The open seats are of unpainted oak; there is an oak pulpit on the north side of the chancel arch; a font of Petworth marble and Caen stone is placed near the west end; there is an oak lectern near the pulpit, and the low wall which divides the chancel from the nave is of Petworth marble, with wrought-iron gates in the middle. Some of the stone carving about the pillars and the brackets is very beautiful, representing the ferns of the district. Oak stalls are placed in the choir, the floor of which is laid with encaustic tiles. The roof is of open oak, and the simple reredos is composed of insaid wood, or parquetry. The pulpit, the lectern, and the altar, which is raised on four steps, were vested in hangings of violet and white, with crosses—violet being the colour employed by a portion of the High Church party during Lent. The stained glass in the east window represents the Resurrection of our Lord, and the other windows are likewise filled with painted glass. On the whole the church is a little gem, doing much credit to those who built it some fifteen years ago, and who if they had searched all England over could not have found for the building on which they spent a labour that was evidently one of love, a more delightful site. And when the coffin was carried under the chancel arch, over which remains the Christmas inscription "Glory to God in the Highest," and was placed on the bier in the choir, the pall-bearers and mourners and members of parliament and gentlemen of the deputations poured in and nearly filled the little church, from the bell of which as the procession wound up the valley to the churchyard had come the mournful and unfrequent note that tells of the presence of the King of Terrors.

The vicar read the first part of the service in a well-modulated voice, not unaffected by his remembrance of intimacy with the great man who lay there in his black coffin, which bore the simple inscription:—

RICHARD COBDEN, Esq.,
M.P.,
Died 2nd of April, 1865,
Aged 60 Years;

and over which fell in heavy folds the palls of black velvet bordered with white silk. The Rev. Mr. Collins read the glorious lesson that tells the sorrowing ones to their comfort of the joys that are laid up for those who, like Richard Cobden, remain faithful unto death. And when the last consoling words had died away, those present hastened into the churchyard, where, on a terrace at the south-east corner of the church, yawned the vault. Around it was a space reserved for the more distinguished visitors. Every head was bowed as the coffin, at the foot of which some loving hand had placed a bunch of spring flowers, was borne to its last resting place. Once more did Mr. Currie read words of comfort; but when the coffin was lowered to the vault, and when the clergyman, himself deeply touched, dropped the gravel upon the coffin at the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," one at least among the mourners—one for twenty years the trusted friend of Mr. Cobden—the hon. member for Birmingham, broke down and wept sorely. We have seen many grander funerals than this in the lovely Sussex churchyard, but none at which there appeared to be a more unaffected grief, for great men and poor women, like the servants who had followed the hearse from Dunford House, were here equally with wet cheeks, and red eyes, and sobbing breaths. Some who schooled themselves into an appearance of stoicism, were yet trembling with the upheaving of their emotion. But there was also present in many hearts a deep affection for him whom we shall see no more on earth, and who in a long political career had, perhaps, made fewer enemies than any one in England, and who possessed the power of attaching to himself, with the bonds of surest friendship, the majority of those with whom he was brought into social contact.

And soon it was all over. The last words were spoken; the last blessing invoked; the last lingering look taken at the coffin, and then they turned away, those 2,000 people, feeling that they had left behind them the body of one who had been enabled, in the words of Gray's "Elegy"—

"Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a swilling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes."

Then some to Dunford, to console the bereaved; some to Midhurst, to take rail for London; some to their neighbouring homes, to think of him whom they had lost; and in half an hour none were left with the remains of Richard Cobden, on whose coffin at the last moment several wreaths of flowers were thrown, save the gravedigger and his assistants. But vaulted up in that Sussex tomb is many a fervent blessing upon the Sussex yeoman's son, who declined the dignities of State, and went to his grave untitled, but not unwept; undecorated, but mourned for as a benefactor by thousands who never saw his placid face, or his kindly smile, or the booming of his mind-lit eyes.

Mr. Cobden has left a widow and five daughters to lament his loss. Dunford House, of which we give a sketch on our first page, was presented to Mr. Cobden by his friends and many admirers.

MR. COBDEN'S BOYHOOD.—We take the following particulars respecting the early days of the deceased statesman from the *Manchester Courier*:—"Mr. Cobden began life as a lad in a London warehouse. Growing into a young man, he was sent on matters of business to many of the houses with which his firm was connected. Among those he so visited was Mr. John Lewis, of 101, Oxford-street. Mr. Lewis conceived a liking for the young man, on account of the smart and business-like manner in which he used to come to his house and transact whatever he had to do, and often gave him a few kind words. One day young Cobden came to him, and with some hesitation told him that he and two of his comrades, young men like himself, had heard of a business near Manchester, which a gentleman was retiring from, and the plant of which was to be had for £1,500; this sum the three had agreed to raise among them, but Cobden had no friends to help him with his quota, and therefore he had ventured to ask Mr. Lewis if he would do so. Mr. Lewis, from his partiality to him, at once assented; and Cobden left him in high spirits. But soon after he called again, with a long face, to say his colleagues had not been able to raise their £500 each. After a while, however, he came again to state that the owner of the busi-

ness in question, having heard favourably of the trio, agreed to let them have it for Mr. Cobden's £500. Would Mr. Lewis still let him have the money? Mr. Lewis very kindly complied, and the three shortly after began the world together. The £500 was speedily repaid; and, after a very few years, one and then another of the partners drew out of the business with a handsome fortune, and Richard Cobden came to be what he was. The foregoing particulars were related to the writer by Mr. Lewis, who retired from business about twenty-five years ago, and subsequently died in Madeira."

THE RECENT ENGAGEMENT IN NEW ZEALAND.

The *Australian News* of February 23rd contains the following particulars of the recent engagement at Wanganui:—

"Early in the morning an alarm was given in the town that the road party at Kai Iwi had been attacked, and that some of the men were missing. Two sons of Mr. Mailman, who has a store out there, rode into the town with the intelligence, at half-past five on one horse without a saddle, and with nothing on but their night shirts, and a little later in the morning Mr. Monie Rees arrived, and gave a more minute detail of the circumstances. It appears that there were about thirty of the road party still there—men who had not finished their contract, and who were waiting till the advance of the troops might enable them to resume work with safety, and that their tents were pitched along the road on both sides for some distance, those outermost being near the Kai Iwi, and the others stretching in this direction as far as to this side of the Paketara Creek, which runs across the road a short distance on this side of Kai Iwi stream. Mr. Rees' tent stands on this side of the Paketara, and he was aroused this morning at dawn by shots, which he found, on rushing out, proceeded from a number of natives who had come along the road from the Waitotara, and, as there had been no guard or look-out at any part of the encampment, had come upon it without the slightest warning. At first, Mr. Rees thought they were firing for amusement, but was quickly undeceived, for, so soon as they saw him and Mr. Symonds, whose tent adjoined his, they fired upon them. Five bullets entered Mr. Rees' tent while he was getting his saddle, and, as he carried the saddle out on his head to put it on his horse, another bullet struck it. He immediately made off, and, on getting to a rising ground, could see about 250 natives, who had now possession of the ground, and were busy plundering. Most of them, of course, appeared to be round the store kept by Palgreen, and no doubt the liquor in it and Mr. Mailman's store quickly disappeared. Mr. Symonds twice fired at them from the low ground in the gully, and also one man was seen to fall, while it was believed a second was also shot. He and Messrs. Mailman and Richardson then stationed themselves behind some slabs, and kept up a fire for a few minutes, but they soon found the position to be too hot for them, and retreated. After a little time they mustered, and only twelve men assembled. Many, of course, might be in hiding, but Mr. Rees thinks that the tent on which the natives must have come, and which contained seven men, must have been so surrounded that the men could not have escaped. Some of them immediately made for the camp, about three miles distant, and Mr. Rees galloped into town. General Cameron arrived with his staff at Camp Alexandra about four o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday last. He was received with great enthusiasm, the men cheering lustily and throwing their caps in the air on his arrival. Foremost were the old 'die hards,' and their cheers were heartily echoed from the warm hearts of the 18th Royal Irish, and the devotedly loyal Queen's Own. The skirmishing party proceeded in skirmishing order as far as the pah, a distance of about half a mile from the camp, when a volley was poured in among them from the huts there. They returned the fire—which was replied to, not only by those in the huts which lay to the left of the advancing party, but also from high scrub which lay to their right. This was about six o'clock in the evening. In the skirmish which ensued Deputy Assistant Adjutant General Johnston fell, wounded in the abdomen by a bullet, which was afterwards extracted at his back. The wound is supposed to be mortal. Accounts vary as to the number wounded. The first account gives four, and the other eleven as the number, the others being private soldiers. Certain it is that this morning three dead bodies were brought into Camp Alexandra, together with Lieutenant Johnson, who is still alive. The reconnoitring party seems to have returned to the camp, the Maoris following; and it is said that a dropping fire was kept up in the camp until three o'clock this morning, when the troops fired a heavy volley in the direction from which the shots proceeded, which silenced them. It is not known that any Maoris have been hit, as the soldiers could only fire into the scrub without seeing the enemy.

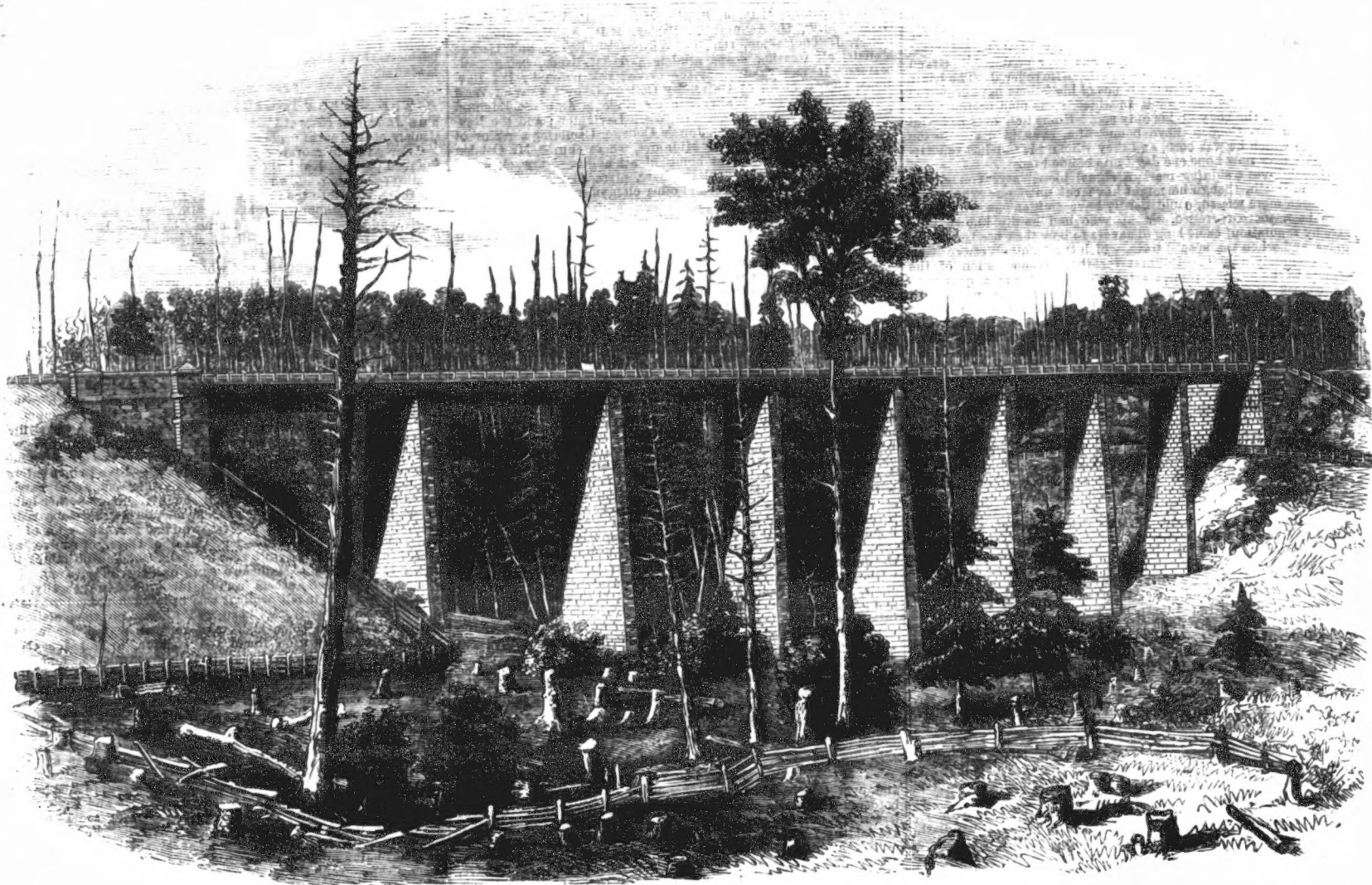
"In an 'extra' of the *Chronicle*, 26th January, the following additional particulars are corrected, in some respects, from the first account given:—"The pah is at the corner of a bush, which stands to the rear and left of it. As the soldiers advanced from the camp, about 900 yards distant, they had the pah directly in their front, and saw before the huts an ordinary Maori fence or taipa. About half-past four o'clock a signal shot was fired from the bush on the left of the pah as the soldiers (eighty men of the 18th) advanced to it. When the soldiers got up to the fence a volley was fired on them from the huts within, on which they threw off their knapsacks, scaled the fence, and got in by an opening, charged the huts, and fired on the Maories, of whom they killed seven. The Maories returned the fire, and it was here that Lieutenant Johnston fell. The firing continued, and in about an hour a reinforcement was sent from the camp, consisting of a detachment of the 50th, under Major Rook, who were sent for the purpose of surrounding the Maories, and took up a position under cover to the left. On this the men of the 18th charged to the edge of the bush on the left, and found the ground thickly rifled-pitted among some long weeds, chiefly camomile, from which they kept up a fire till half-past eleven, when the enemy's fire ceased, and they retired. Two men were killed, and two have since died, namely Lieutenant Johnston, D.A.A.G., and a private. Seven others were wounded, most of the wounds being on the head, owing to the position in which the men were lying. The Maori call through the night was, 'Come on, come on; be brave, don't leave me!' and a female voice was heard several times encouraging the men forward. This was heard when the Maories were retiring under fire from the soldiers. The cry was then, 'Gloria! gloria! oh! hau! hau!' It may be mentioned that several bullock drivers got the wounded men's guns and took part in the fight, as well as assisted in carrying the wounded to the rear."

THE *Cologne Gazette*, feeding its news frequently taken without acknowledgment by a German contemporary, determined recently to punish the offender in a somewhat original manner. Having received telegraphic information of Mr. Cobden's death and of Mr. Bright having been present when the event took place, it announced in the "exchange" copy intended for its contemporary, and of course in that copy alone, that Mr. Bright had succumbed, and that Mr. Cobden had received the last adieu of his friend. The bait was swallowed whole. Not only did the newspaper thus boasted announce the death of the member for Birmingham, but it added a sketch of his career. The *Cologne Gazette* is of course in ecstasies.

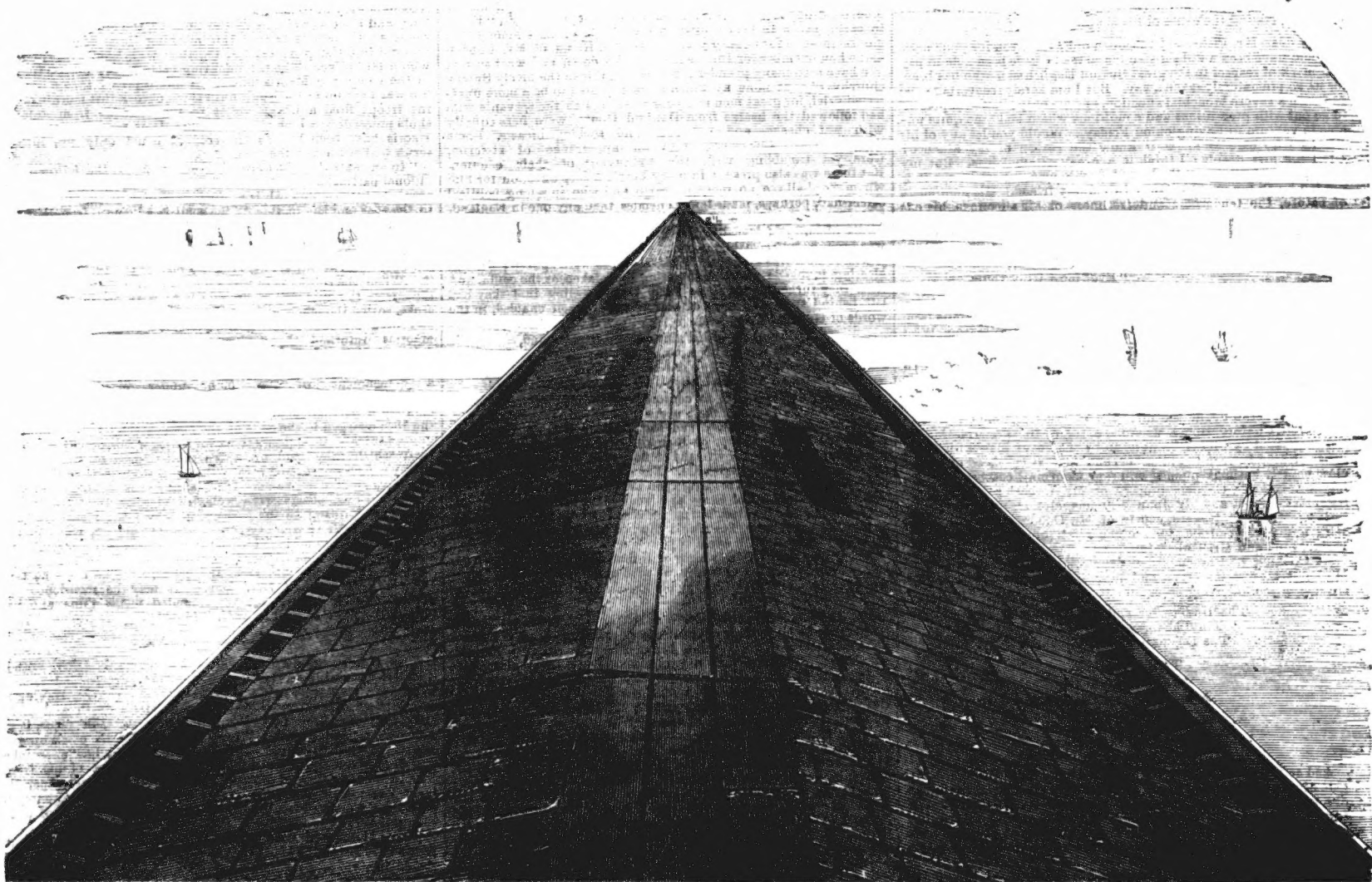
THE officers and crew of the *Kearsarge* have been presented with 25,000 dollars (\$4,000) by the people of America for destroying the *Alabama*.

H. WALLACE'S OROSCOPES.—The new Patent Unscotopis Handles keep the Hooks at all times in true position. By post, 100 needles, 1s.; a set of Penelope, 5d. to 1s.; set Unscotopis, 1s. Maker to the Queen, Alcester, and 47, Gresham-street, London.—(Advertisement.)

SKETCHES IN CANADA.



CREDIT VIADUCT, ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. (See page 693.)



ROOF OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE. (See page 693.)

SKETCHES IN CANADA. —THE VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE.

Iron suspension bridges are of modern date. The first in England was built across the Tweed, in 1819, by Sir Samuel Brown. Six chain cables were used in its construction, its span being 449 feet, and versed sine thirty feet. The same engineer constructed the Brighton Chain Pier and the Montrose-bridge. The bridge over the Menai Straits, by Telford, built in 1826, had a span of 565 feet, being 102 feet above water. The Conway-bridge, also by Telford, has a span of 327 feet. The Hammersmith-bridge, over the Thames, has a span of 422 feet; that of Freyberg, in Switzerland, has a span of 170 feet, and is 167 feet above water. The Pesth suspension-bridge, which has been most severely tested, was built by Tierney Clark; its clear waterway is 1,250 feet, and the centre span 678 feet, while the towers are 200 feet in height.

The first suspension-bridges in this country were built by Mr. Finley between 1796 and 1810, and were made with chain cables. Of late years many very fine ones have been erected. Among these are the Wheeling bridge, over the Ohio, blown down, May, 1854; its span was 1,010 feet. The Lewiston-bridge, seven miles below Niagara, was built in 1850, by E. W. Serrel, with a span of 1,040 feet. Roebbing's railway-bridge, at Niagara, has a span of 821 feet; its elevation above the water is 245 feet.

The first cast-iron bridge in England was at Colebrook Dale, in 1779; its span is 100 feet, with a rise of forty. The Bishopwearmouth-bridge, built in 1790, is 100 feet above water level, has a span of 240, and a rise of thirty. The Pont d'Austerlitz at Paris has five arches, each with a span of 107 feet, and a rise of one-tenth the span. The Pont du Carrousel, in Paris, was built by Polonceau, in 1838, and has three arches, with a span of 150 feet, and a rise of sixteen.

The Britannia and Conway tubular wrought-iron bridges, erected by Stephenson, are among the most extraordinary structures of modern times. The Britannia-bridge crosses the Menai Strait, 103 feet above tide water, and consists of four spans, two of 230 feet each, and two of 459 feet, forming a huge tube of wrought iron,

HOLY WEEK ON THE CONTINENT.



EASTER WEEK IN TOULON.—PROCURING HOLY WATER. (See page 696.)

through which passes the Cheater and Holyhead Railway. The Conway-bridge has a single span of 400 feet, and is only eighteen feet above the level of high water. The tubes for these bridges were made at a distance from the spot where they were to be placed, and after being floated thither by means of pontoons, were raised by a tremendous application of hydraulic press power.

The Victoria-bridge, Canada, the roof of which we give in our illustration, was six years in construction, and connects the whole line of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

The tubular bridge is two English miles in length, with the exception of 1,298 feet. It rests on twenty-four massive stone piers,

and will not forget it for some time, more especially as they neglected to pay the bill.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

THE Tallahassee arrived at Liverpool on Sunday from Bermuda, and immense crowds of people went down to the landing stages and pier-head to view the well-known Confederate cruiser. We understand that the cruising days of the Tallahassee are over; that she has been re-christened the *Amelia*, and will shortly be placed in the merchant service. At present she flies the Confederate ensign at the peak.

THE Emperor Napoleon has decided that the bust of Cobden shall be placed in the museum at Versailles.

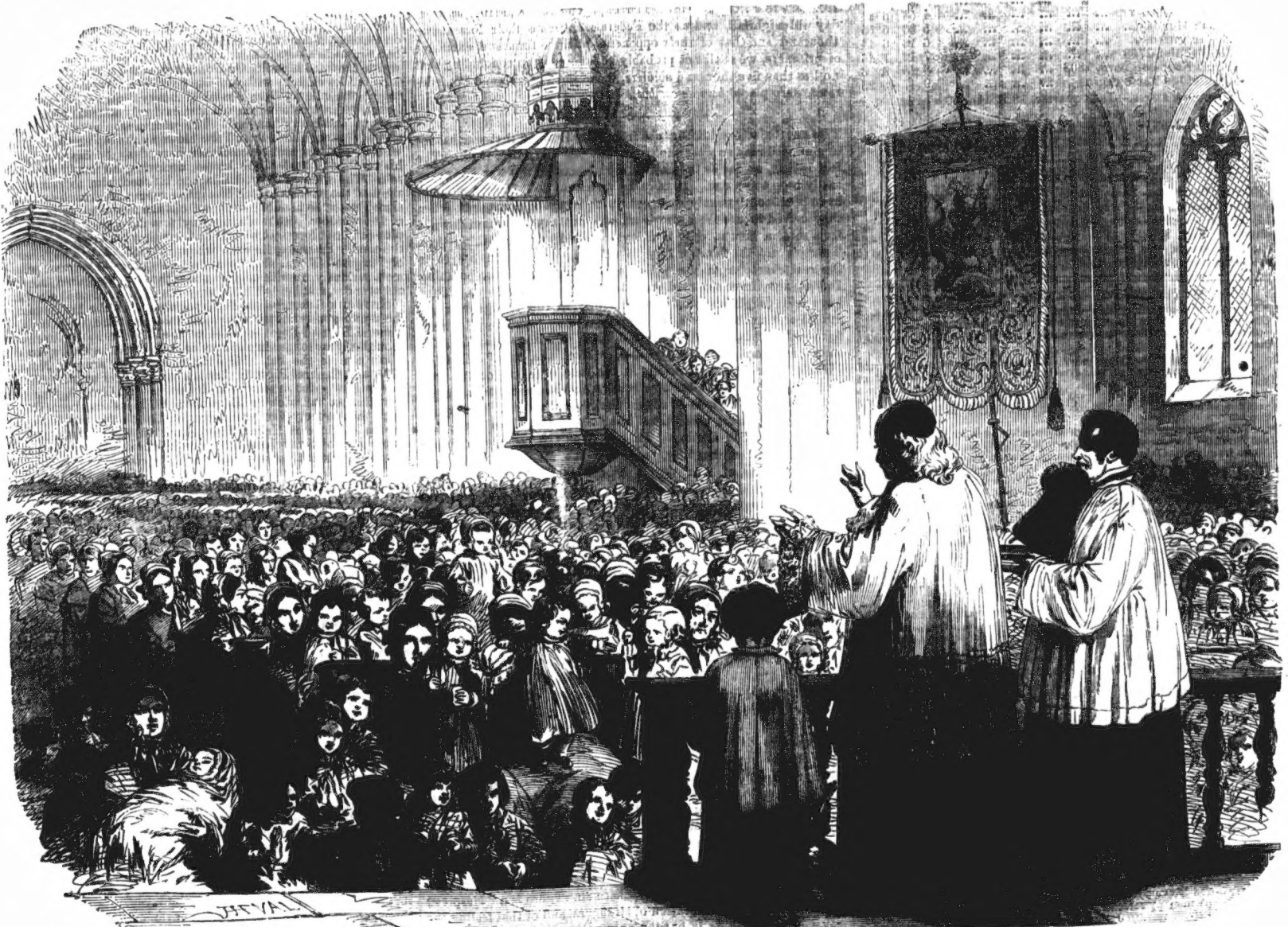
There are twenty-five openings, 242 feet each; the centre one is 380 feet; the weight of each span is 644 tons.

There are over three million cubic feet of masonry, in lineal measure. It would make a pyramid 215 feet in height, with a base of 215 feet square.

The forces employed during the summer months were six steamboats, seventy-two barges, besides several small craft; there were 3,000 artisans and labourers, 142 horses, and the daily wages were 5,000 dollars. The total cost of the bridge was seven millions of dollars. The bridge was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1860.

Our other sketch is that of the Credit Viaduct, on the Grand Trunk Railway, about forty miles west of Toronto.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—The inhabitants of a pretty and secluded village in the North Riding were a few days ago very much astonished at the appearance of a large company of schoolboys, whose wild looks of excitement and noisy clamour clearly showed that they were out on "French leave." They proved to be the pupils of a neighbouring college, who for some cause had resolved to turn their faces homewards, and were on their way to Darlington and Sunderland. The masters, however, gave chase, and shortly afterwards made their appearance while the young gentlemen were being housed for the night in the village inn. "Nosurrender" was the cry of the juveniles, nor did they return until certain conditions were assented to by the pursuers in the presence of the landlord, who mightily enjoyed the scene.



EASTER WEEK AT TOULON.—BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN. (See page 696.)

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ings—Clippings from "Punch," and "Fun," &c., &c.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

AMSTERDAM.

U. W. L. B.

D.	U.		A. M.	P. M.
15	u	Easter Term begins...	4 24	4 39
16	u	Easter Sunday...	4 56	5 11
17	u	Easter Monday...	5 33	5 55
18	u	Easter Tuesday...	6 18	6 44
19	u	Handel died 1759...	7 12	7 46
20	u	Louis Napoleon born, 1808...	8 25	9 8
21	u	Cambridge Term begins...	9 47	10 25
Moon's Changes.—Last quarter, 18th, 11h. 20m. p.m.				
Sunday Lessons.				
MORNING. AFTERNOON.				
Exod. 12; Rom. 6. Exod. 14; Acts 2 to v. 22.				

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

EASTER SUNDAY.—This festival, supposed to have been first celebrated about A.D. 68, was decreed by the Council of Arles in 314, to be celebrated by all churches, and confirmed by the Council of Nice, in 325. The old custom of eating "tansy pudding" at Easter was originally symbolical of the bitter herbs in use among the Jews at this season.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STRAIGHT EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

FELIX.—The great writer and statesman, Sir James Macintosh, died on May 20th, 1812, from the effects of a small bone of a fowl, which had unfortunately lodged in his throat.

R. G. P.—The port of London commences at Gravesend, and extends to London-bridge.

HOGKINS.—To test whether there is alum in the bread, the most simple method is to soak a slice in water. Should it swell rapidly and considerably there is no alum, as alum hardens the gluten of wheat, and renders it less soluble.

PUBLICAN.—The first Act for laying an excise upon gin was passed in 1786. The excise was 5s. per gallon, and every seller was required to take out a license.

QUERY.—The origin of the term, "In spite of his teeth," arose from King John having once demanded of a certain Jew ten thousand marks, on refusal of which he ordered one of the Jew's teeth to be drawn daily until he consented. The Jew lost seven, and then paid the required sum. Hence the phrase.

TWANKY.—Tea, when first used in this country in 1660, was sixty shillings per pound.

R. W.—The recent explorations at Vancouver's Island speak favourably of the new discoveries of gold, copper, coal, ironstone, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.—At the present time we doubt if a man, his wife, and family would be taken out free to Auckland. The passage money for adults is from £12 to £16; children under twelve, half-price; infants under one year, free. Land may be purchased at from 6s. to £1 per acre; but to men of good character, used to farming, free grants are made according to the number in family. You can obtain any further information by applying to Willis, Gann, and Co., New Zealand Office, Crosby-square Bishopsgate.

EMIGRANT.—Nearly every description of food in Australia is now comparatively cheap; in many things cheaper than in England, while wages are higher. At Melbourne, in January, last, beef was selling at 4d. and 5d. per lb.; mutton, 3d. to 5d.; pork, 6d. to 9d.; butter, 9d. to 1s.; cheese, 5d. to 10d.; bread, 4lb. loaf, 9d. to 11d.; flour, 25s. per 100lb.; tea, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d. per lb.

MONA.—No. The Isle of Man was sold to the crown for £7,000, by the Duke of Athol, who obtained it by inheritance from the Earl of Derby.
B. T. G.—You will doubtless get the information you require by applying to the Secretary of the Institute of Actuaries, 12, St. James-square, London.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE American mail brings us tidings of much bloodshed; but that is all. Thousands of human lives have been sacrificed, but neither combatant has gained any perceptible advantage over the other. Earthworks have been taken only to be retaken by the original possessor; and trenches have been traversed with no other result than that of filling them with slain and wounded soldiers. This is as nearly as possible the epitome of the recent engagement in front of Petersburg. The Confederates were the aggressors; but, though a temporary success rewarded their efforts, the prize for which they strove eluded their grasp. The accounts furnished by the rival generals vary in matters of detail, and in the respective losses of their troops; but in the result of the engagement they virtually coincide. On the morning of Saturday, the 25th of March, three divisions of Confederate infantry, under the command of General Gordon, issued from the entrenched position covering the approaches to Petersburg from the north-east, and attacked Fort Steadman, an advanced post of the Federal lines. The troops garrisoning the fort appear to have been taken by surprise, for they were almost immediately overpowered, the fort captured, and its guns turned upon the Federal entrenchments. According to General Lee's report, this success gave to the Confederates nine guns, eight mortars, and about five hundred prisoners, including a brigadier-general and several officers. Two attempts are stated by Lee to have been made by the Federals to regain the fort, which were repulsed; but at a later period the Confederate commander-in-chief admits that, as the Federal works in the rear of the fort could not have been taken without entailing too great a sacrifice, the Confederates were compelled to withdraw to their original position, after having disabled the guns which they had captured, but which they were unable to remove. According to the Northern version, the Confederate attack was general along the Federal line, and except at Fort Steadman the assailants were repulsed with slaughter. If this account is to be accepted, the evacuation of this redoubt by the Confederates was not so voluntary as represented by General Lee. Reinforcements from the Federal army having reached the scene of conflict, Fort Steadman, according to the Northern account, was recaptured by a successful assault. The Confederates were driven back to their lines with considerable loss, and the guns of the fort were found uninjured. Pursuing their advantage, the Federals in turn assailed the Confederate lines, effected a lodgment in the advanced entrenchments, and finally maintained their position there, notwithstanding the repeated attempts of the Confederates to dislodge them. The engagement lasted from break of day till nightfall, and as the Federals estimate their loss at two thousand and that of their opponents at three thousand, exclusive of prisoners, we shall not probably be far wrong in concluding that no less than five thousand soldiers, including Federals and Confederates, were placed hors de combat.

THE unsatisfactory intelligence from New Zealand that war has recommenced may express the truth, but not the entire truth. The fact is that, so far as the natives are concerned, the war has never really been at an end. It may be true that the Maoris may not have been continuously engaged in fighting with us, but when they ceased to use their arms—we will not say laid them down—for a season, it was only a delay intended as a breathing time. There is not the least utility in affecting to shut one's eyes to the real character of the policy which the Maoris are pursuing. Indeed, they have revealed the true state of the case to us. They have told us plainly that their hostility to the foreigner is immortal and unchangeable, and will continue "for ever, for ever, for ever." This, it will be remembered, is a literal translation of their own emphatic monosyllable, "Ake, ake, ake." It is an amiable error to suppose that in the land question, or the road question, or the question of steamers on the rivers, or any other particular question, is to be sought the cause of the war. Such questions are very much like that of the greased cartridges with reference to the Indian mutiny. They may be the occasion of some fresh outbreak of hostility, as when the Maoris attacked and murdered some of our people whom they caught labouring upon the public works, but the real causes of the war they are waging, and always will wage against us, lie far deeper than such matters of detail as these. The real fact is that the natives will not, if they can help it, tolerate the presence of the foreigner amongst them at all. One of their last exploits seems to have assumed the form of an attack upon a detachment under the command of Brigadier Wall, at a place called Ovaia Roa. The troops, taken unawares, are stated to have been somewhat roughly handled, but were rallied by the efforts of their officers. The loss they sustained is estimated at thirteen killed, and thirty-three wounded. Another feat they had performed, prior to the despatch of the last mail, was the murder and decapitation of Mr. Hewitt, a member of the Provincial Council. These are but the last two of a long series of incidents, stretching back for years, and which show what the temper and feeling of the Maoris towards the white man really is. What they want is the absence of the foreigner, and they are determined to try if they cannot exterminate him, or drive him out. When, therefore, we are told that the rebel leader, William Thompson, is reported to have delivered himself up to General Carey, we cannot think it signifies much whether he has really done so or not. He and the other chiefs of the insurrection are merely the creatures of it, not the cause. It was not they who produced the movement against foreigners, but the movement against foreigners which produced them as its agents and its spokesmen. There is a widespread feeling against the immigration of strangers, and of that feeling the war waged against us is but the external manifestation. It is as well that we should look at the facts as they are, without attempting to deceive ourselves by dissembling their real character.

The Court.

Their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales left the Bishopsgate Terminus of the Great Eastern Railway for Sandringham on Saturday. At the station they were received by the chairman (Mr. J. Goodson), Colonel Palmer and Mr. L. Simpson, directors, Mr. J. B. Owen, secretary. Colonel Palmer and Mr. Simpson came down with the train, the engine of which was driven by Mr. Ritson, the district engineer. Their royal highnesses travelled in the beautiful saloon carriage recently built for them. They were accompanied by Lieutenant-General Knollys, Colonel Grey, the Earl and Countess de Grey and Ripon, and the Bishop of Oxford. The infant prince Albert Victor was also in the train in the care of his nurse. At Welford carriages which were in waiting took the distinguished party on to Sandringham. The day was beautifully fine.

We understand (says the *Kelso Mail*) that their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to honour the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe with a visit at Floors Castle in the ensuing autumn. The time has not yet been definitely fixed, but we believe the visit will take place either in September or October.

On Friday evening her Majesty gave a juvenile party at Windsor Castle in honour of the birthday of his royal highness Prince Leopold, when an entertainment for the amusement of the youthful company, among whom were Prince Leopold, the royal princesses, and the children of General Grey and other officers of her Majesty's household, was given by Messrs. Carpenter and Westley in the Presence Chamber of the State apartments, which had been fitted up for the purpose. The entertainment consisted of a series of dissolving views and phantasmagoria, accompanied by pianoforte music, and was evidently greatly enjoyed by the juvenile visitors. The evening's entertainment concluded with a series of comic sketches, including the "Ratcatcher" (a very amusing subject), "A Mushroom," "A Greedy Pig," which latter excited a deal of mirth; finally terminating with artificial fireworks and chromotrope, very beautifully designed.—*Court Paper.*

General News.

"You would hardly believe," says a Paris letter in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, "that a man who cannot read has been chosen somewhere as Minister of Public Instruction. That is impossible, you will probably say, unless it is in Japan; and even there! Pardon, the fact is true, and the phenomenon has taken place in Europe. You may remember that the ambassador of the Sublime Porte has been recalled. This diplomatic movement gave rise to some changes in the Turkish Cabinet, in consequence of which the Sultan chose for the above-mentioned department Novrez-Pasha, a man who really cannot read."

It is reported from Malta that shocks of earthquake have been lately felt at Corfu. It is said that a mountain near Arta has thrown out smoke and flame. It is also reported that a village in the neighbourhood has been destroyed, with two or three hundred of its inhabitants.

It is stated that Cardinal Antonelli and the Pops are preparing to publish all the autograph letters of Napoleon III. to Pius IX., wherein the Emperor guarantees and assures to the Pope the possession of the pontifical dominions.

At the Salford Quarter Sessions, it was reported to the magistrates that the sentence on William Hamilton, condemned to death at the last Manchester assizes for the murder of a beerhouse-keeper, had been commuted to penal servitude for life.

In the parish of Keymer, not far from Hayward's-heath Station, on Sunday, a man named Hobden, aged seventy-three, a farm labourer, made a savage attack on his wife, aged seventy, and afterwards drowned himself. On Sunday morning a neighbour, a widow, who resides close by with her two boys, was alarmed by the screaming of the wife and the sound of heavy blows. She ran into the house, where she found the old man savagely attacking his wife with a sharp and heavy handbill. The woman was covered with blood, and endeavoured to ward off the blows as she lay on the floor. The widow, with the assistance of her boys, dragged the woman out of his reach, and he left the house, declaring he would drown himself. The widow followed him and induced him to return, when she had the address to lock him into a room and give the alarm. But armed with the handbill he forced out the casement and jumped out of the window. He made his way to a mill-pond, into which he plunged head foremost with such force that his head was buried in the mud. He was quite dead when got out. Mr. Tiley, surgeon, of Burgess-hill, was sent for and attended the old woman, who was most seriously wounded. Her under jaw was fractured, her tongue cut asunder, and her left hand very nearly severed at the wrist.

SIR JOHN GUISE, whose death took place on the 1st instant, was the senior general of the army, and that position is now occupied by General Richard Pigot, colonel of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who, though a year longer in the service than Sir John Guise, stood next below him in the list. Sir John entered the army in November, 1794, and General Pigot in September, 1793. But the officer with the longest period of service is General Cosmo Gordon, who became a soldier so far back as December, 1792, and has been, therefore, more than seventy-two years connected with the profession. The deaths of General Helier Touzel and Sir John Guise reduce the number of officers whose first commissions date in the last century to exactly a score. As we make out, they stand as follows, according to the year of their joining the army:—Generals Cosmo Gordon, 1792; R. Pigot and Sir John Fitzgerald, 1793; Field-Marshal Sir Edward Blakeney and Lord Gough, and Generals Sir William Gomm, Sir A. Clifton, and Sir Alexander Woodford, 1796; Generals Sir Hugh Ross, T. J. Forbes, and Sir George Wetherall, in 1795; Sir H. Arbuthnot, in 1796; Generals F. Campbell, Sir W. Wood, H. Shadforth, and Sir S. Achmuty, in 1797; Generals Sir John Burgoyne and Sir J. Mitchell, Royal Artillery, in 1798; and Sir Thomas Kenah and Sir A. Dalrymple, in 1799.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

A FAMILY DROWNED AT GAYTHORN.—Early on Sunday morning a most melancholy event took place at Gaythorn, which resulted in the death of three persons. A few minutes after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, a look-keeper on the Rochdale Canal, Gaythorn, named Thomas Hodgson, heard a scream like that of a woman. Having gone to bed, he rose, and dressing himself as quickly as he could, went along the bank of the canal towards the spot where he thought the sound had come from. In the water and near the bank, he found the body of a female child, apparently about two years of age. So soon as he had dragged the body to the bank, and found that it was quite lifeless, he sought the assistance of a policeman. They together examined the spot, and soon found floating on the canal a woman's bonnet. The canal was then dragged, and soon another body was found, evidently that of the owner of the bonnet. The woman also was quite dead. About five o'clock on Sunday morning it was rumoured that a man was missing from a boat then on the canal. About the same spot whence the scream had proceeded was found a third body, which has been identified as that of William Pendlebury, of Leigh, who owned the boat from which he had been missing. There is strong reason for believing that a double attempt to rescue one had resulted in the death of the three persons, inasmuch as the hand of the man, when his body was recovered, grasped the shawl of the unfortunate woman, his wife, who attempted, it may be, the rescue of the child that had fallen into the water. The woman and child were poorly clad, and the pockets of the husband contained a tobacco-box and 7½d.

MONDAY

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS AND PARTS.--We recommend our readers who require any Electrical, Galvanic Chemical and other apparatus to apply to W. Faulkner, operative chemist, 40, Knoll-street, East Acton, W., on same place as the Baskin. The newly invented Magneto-Electric Coil, we require neither acid nor battery, and is both useful for amusements, and particularly recommended in all cases of disease where Galvanism is useful, sold at 42s to 56 s. It is very portable and is fitted in a neat mahogany case, sold at 42s to 56 s. Other Coils with Battery and dandles, complete from 17 s. 6d. to 80s. T. San Light or M-galvanic Wire, manufactured by W. Faulkner, possesses unusual brilliancy. It is sold at 3d. and 4 s. per foot, sent free by post receipt of a stamped envelope. A large assortment of second-hand Camer lenses, Magic Lanterns, and Electrical Apparatus and Batteries of various description. The greatest novelty of the day is the Centrifugal Steam Engine, made of glass. It is prettily fitted up as an ornament, it is filled with perfume or water, and heat being applied, it works with great rapidity, diffuses its perfume in any place, price 2s. 6d. or packed 3s. 6d.--(Advertisement.)

became aware that she must leave as soon as her husband's
eldest term that can be applied to her conduct) broke out. A new
dress and a pair of boots had been bought for her, as we intended
to dismiss her this week, but an unforeseen occurrence occasioned
her sudden exit on Sunday morning. Previous to this time several
things had been missed and could not be accounted for. A suspi-
cious fell on Ann Mein, because she herself had mentioned that
her former mistress had accused her of theft. On last Saturday
her box near her bedroom was found despoiled of its contents. She
was mildly informed of the circumstance, and asked if she would
allow her box to be looked at, which would acquit her, if not
guilty. She passionately refused, but after going up-stairs for some
time she called the nun who had spoken to her and said that she
would show her the contents of her box. She did so, and there
was nothing but what belonged to her. The nun, Sister Mary
Stanklaus, afterwards went up by herself, while Ann was absent,
and, searching in an adjoining room, found under the bed-
ding, and, searching in an adjoining room, found under the bed-
ding, (nobody sleeps there at present) a large parcel, tied up in the sheet,
taken off Ann's bed. There were not only the articles that had
been missed, but many others which she had prepared to take with
her; new purple serge, cut into a petticoat, the covering of a shawl,
bed, turned into kitchen aprons, and a nice new cloth cloak, with
the collar cut off, &c. Finding on her return up-stairs that the
things had been found and taken away (she had been seen

KILLED IN A RAGED SCHOOL.—The other evening, a boy about eleven years of age, named Daniel O'Brien, lost his life in the ragged school, Paisley, under the following circumstances:—At the time when the boys employed at shoemaking left their work, three boys, named Thomas Knox, George McKinty, and David Shepherd, the eldest fifteen years of age, were seen by a girl to take hold of O'Brien and drag him into a back room. They there laid him on the floor, when Knox put his hand on his nose and mouth, and held him down while the others beat him about the body with their caps. O'Brien struggled violently and uttered some faint screams while this was going on. A second girl, who was standing by, called on the assailants to desist, but instead of attending to her advice they shut the door, and continued to maltreat their victim. The girl kicked at the door, and succeeded in getting it open. She pushed the boys off, and they at last rose and ran up stairs. The girls say that O'Brien, when his tormentors left him, stood up in the middle of the room and called out "Save me!" three times. One of them approached him, and he threw his arm round her neck, but presently his hold relaxed, and she laid him gently on the floor. He almost immediately afterwards gave one or two gasps and expired. O'Brien is said to have been a very inoffensive boy.

HOLY WEEK IN TOULON AND THE VOGES.

EASTER week is celebrated in France with many peculiar religious ceremonies. At Toulon, it is customary on Palm Sunday for children, accompanied by their parents, to carry with them to high mass the presents they have received from their friends in memory of the time. These presents, which usually consist of Easter cakes (ring-shaped), bonbons, candied oranges, and toys, are fastened to branches of palm and laurel, or, in default of these, to gift sticks, which the little folks carry in procession up the body of the church. Seats are provided for the children immediately in front of the altar; and having listened to a short and simple address from their pastor, they sing together an appropriate hymn, and then kneel to receive his blessing. The palm boughs of the more fortunate children are adorned, not with mere bonbons and toys only, but with costly presents. On the other hand, some little children are seen with a simple branch of laurel or a barren switch, from which dangle a few gingerbread toys, or, perhaps, a doll. During the address of the priest, it is amusing to watch the various expressions on the faces of the little ones. The poorer children painfully eye the richly-loaded boughs of their "batters," and here and there a tear may be seen streaming down the cheek of some little one who has not yet learned how to conceal the covetous desires of his kind.

With the poor of Toulon, Thursday in Holy Week is a great day. From early morning crowds of meanly-clad people fill the streets on their way to the various churches, on each side of the doors of which they range themselves in a double line, to solicit alms from the charitable as they pass in or out; and as the churches are open all day long, the poor have all the day to beg in.

Among all the ceremonies performed during Easter, that of washing the feet of the poor is perhaps the most interesting, and never fails to attract large congregations. Twelve old men of good character are selected by the almoner and curates of the parish, who provide them with suitable clothing for the occasion, and present to each a five franc piece and two loaves of bread. Before the ceremony they are served with a meal of bread, cheese and eggs, and a little wine. Formerly a *dejeuner a la fourchette* was served to them, and they were waited on by the clergy; but this liberal entertainment made the hearts of the old men so gay, that often on their arrival at the cathedral they found

themselves unable to preserve that serious demeanour which the ceremony required. It was determined, therefore, to do away with the feast, and to give instead a simple repast, with a piece of money capable of useful application at home. After taking the refreshment provided for them, the old men, accompanied by the almoner and the curate, walk in procession to the cathedral, where they take

making them believe that they are placed there by their guardian angels. On Easter Monday the children are carried to the parish church with these eggs in their hands. The priest addresses the children in a paternal manner, and blesses them; and the now consecrated egg is carried home. On the present page, and also on page 693 we give illustrations of these scenes and ceremonies.



PALM SUNDAY AT TOULON.



EASTER WEEK AT TOULON.—WASHING THE FEET OF THE POOR.

their seats within the railing which separates the altar from the body of the choir. The rector, assisted by his clergy, then proceeds to wash their feet, which he does with as much grace and humility as he can command. This ceremony is no sooner over than another less intelligible is performed. Anxious mothers hasten with their infants to the font containing the holy water, and lead their little ones round it; assured that if its first attempt to walk be made here the baby will be preserved from all evil; and its life will be long and happy.

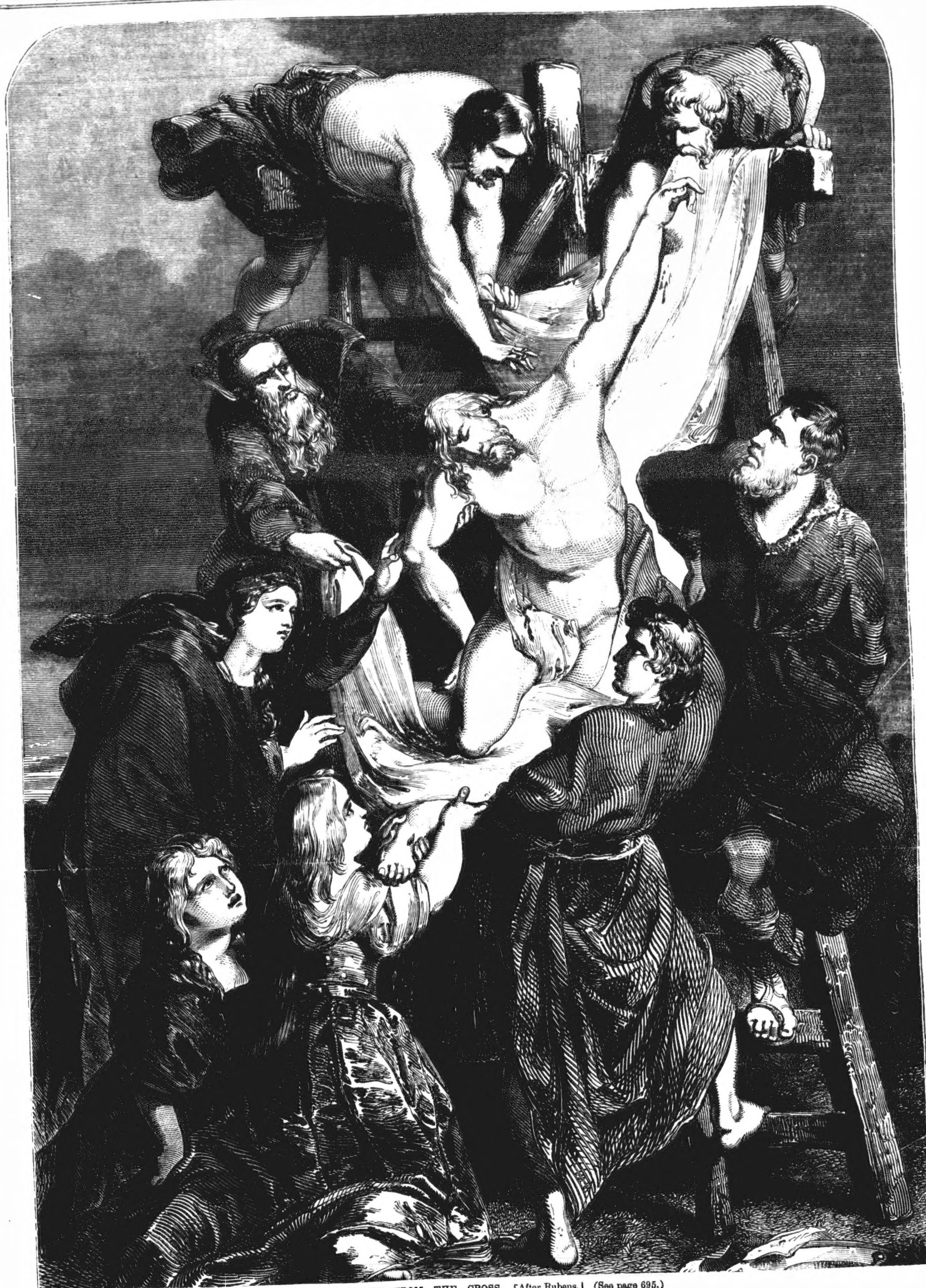
Perhaps there is no town in France where Easter ceremonies are so much observed as at Toulon. The tradespeople make a greater display of their wares than at any other time. The butchers especially make a grand show, tempting to those who have languished on Lenten fare. The whole city has the appearance of a gala day; the ships in the harbour are decked with colours, and the streets are crowded with soldiers, sailors, and workmen and their wives in holiday attire. People from the surrounding country come in to "assist" at the fairs and ceremonies, bringing with them baskets of eggs, home-made sausages, and other country delicacies, for their city friends. We ought not to forget that, among other rites, the priests bless the public fountains, which is no sooner done than the whole city rush to procure a supply of water. Children reap a rich harvest by carrying it round the town and retailing it at so much per imperial measure. In the scramble to collect the blessed liquid, pitchers are broken, and much boisterous mirth is provoked by the sale of long-treasured bottles and jugs.

Pocket money saved by children in Lent is invested in eggs, the shells of which are beautified by boiling them in a decoction of logwood. Everybody in France indulges in eggs at Easter. They are to be purchased at the corner of every street. In the eastern provinces there is a peculiar custom observed by mothers: during the night preceding Easter Sunday they place some of these coloured eggs in the cradles of their children, making them believe that they are placed there by their guardian angels. On Easter Monday the children are carried to the parish church with these eggs in their hands. The priest addresses the children in a paternal manner, and blesses them; and the now consecrated egg is carried home. On the present page, and also on page 693 we give illustrations of these scenes and ceremonies.

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tions of these scenes and ceremonies.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS. [After Rubens.] (See page 695.)

POLICE COURTS.
HOW STREET.

OLEBKEN WELL

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Contractor, &c.

There was another paper, addressed to Mr. Bull, 37, Essex-street:—
 "My dear Sir,—Please insert the enclosed (the Westminster County
 Constabulary) in the Morning Star.—Yours &c. "GEO. SMITH"

of Requests, headed "The Notorious Madame Rachel again;" the second, a note to Madame Rachel advising her not to be foolish, and for the sake of a few pounds let the above report to appear. This note was unsigned. The third was a note with an unattractive signature, with the words "Is this true?" in the newspapers." A fourth a note to the publisher of the Morning Star, telling him to insert the report. This note was signed George K. Another paper was to this effect:—

"I hereby undertake to guarantee to protect and defend Madame Rachel and her daughter, and that they shall not be exposed in any newspaper, on the payment of £5

(Signed) "F. BEAVER, Reporter,

A BOW AT THE ALBEMARLE.—Johnston, of No 24, Great Ouseau-street, Islington; Mr. Walker, of 82 Gold-fid-d street, and Mr. Arthur Bassett Carey, of 19 Bernard-street Russell-square, gentlemen, were charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt, with being drunk, disorderly, and assaulting police-constables. Russell, 108 A, at the Albemarle Palace, Leicester-square. Amongst other witnesses was Sergeant Richard Pugh, 78 A, who said: I was on duty at the Albemarle at seven o'clock. There was a good deal of shouting of "Ox-fid-d" and "Cambridge," and a person not in case of my misadventure hit me over the head with a glass at the barmaid at the refreshment-house. The bhimmes and others succeeded in rescuing the person, and the g.A. prisoners saw Carey in custody, and the other prisoners trying to rescue him from the custody of the police. By Carey: The disturbance was because I did not take all of you and the others making a row about my striking anyone, but you had a stick. I did not at the station say you struck anyone, but you had a stick. I did not at the station say you struck anyone, but you had a stick. Emmerson, 151 A. The four prisoners were the ring-leaders of the disturbance which took place on Saturday night. There were about 150 persons pushing one another about and awaying to and fro. Sharpe said on going into the station to ask for bail he was taken ill by the disturbance. Gerrard said there was some confusion and disturbance at the Albemarle. Gerrard said they were some confusion and disturbance at the Albemarle. Gerrard said they were some confusion and disturbance at the Albemarle. He went to the station and was then taken into custody. The other defendants said there was a little disturbance, but they did not mean more than give the same as the others did. Carey said that it was all through his friends interfering on his behalf. That Mr. Tyrwhitt said he thought Carey might well say, "Save me from prison," and Sharpe might almost say the same. The prisoners were a part of a large number who took part in the disturbance and had no fault to be taken, as there did not appear to be no violence on their part than on that of the others. He thought the taking of Carey by Sharpe to the station and bringing them to the court was enough for the disturbance. Gerrard seemed to have been struck by the constable and Johnson appeared to have pushed the constable down the stairs. Carey and Sharpe would be discharged, and Johnson and Gerrard £10l each.

MARYLEBONE

THAMES.

SOUTHWABE

they ran off, and broke her umbrella. On the 21st, Mrs. Byfield was out for a walk, and she ran off when she found that one of her cartidges was loose. She added that she knew nothing of the prisoners, and never gave them the least protection to attack her. They ran down a turning. Miss Phoebe Davis, aged sixteen, said she was with the prosecutrix when the girls rushed up against them making a disgusting language. Mrs. Byfield merely turned round and told the girls to run off to find a constable, and then she returned. Mrs. Byfield seriously injured and without her own return she saw the prisoners running down York-street. One of them impudently told the prisoners to run and threw the torn bonnet at them. Sergeant Chalmers, 18 M., said that about eleven o'clock he saw the prisoners in the London-street. He said that they were very bad character. About half an hour afterwards with these young men of bad character. Mrs. Byfield very much towards the last witness came to him, and finding that the prisoners were in York-street, he went in search of the prisoners, apprehending them, and taking them to the police station. Mrs. Byfield, in street, and charged them with assaulting her, and she said that the prisoners struck them answer to the charges, the prisoners said that the prosecutrix struck them with the umbrella and broke away the earrings. The magistrate told them that they had all committed a most outrageous assault but he did not think that they had any intention to rob the prosecutrix. In order to put a stop to these street outrages, he should fine each of them 10s. and costs, and in default of payment order them to be committed to the House of Correction for twenty-one days.

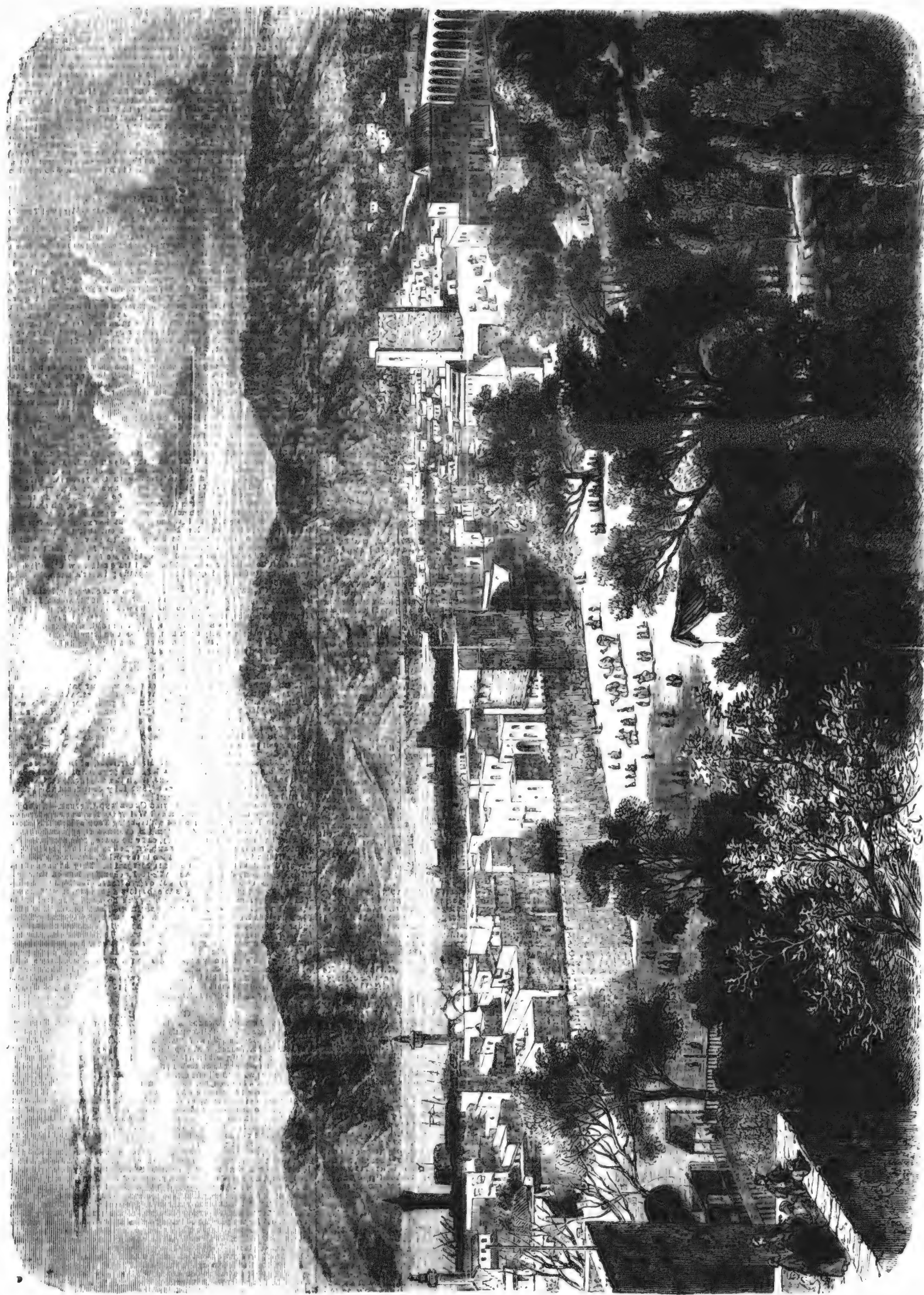
LAMBETEL

CHARGE OF CARRIAGE.—The driver of the carriage in which Mr. Mayo, the contractor of Brixton, was in the employment of the coroner, was charged with manslaughter in the death of John Saxby, aged six years, by running over him with a horse and cart. Mr. Neale defended the prisoner. A man over his shoulder told the jury that Mr. Gifford said that on the previous afternoon he noticed the prisoner driving a carriage, cart, loaded with bricks, down the Lilliput-road, and did not know how New-road. He was rested at the back of the cart, and did not see the child until it was too late to prevent it. He was then told by the driver that the child was taken to Mr. King, surgeon, who ultimately advised his removal to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he was at once attended by Mr. Wright, the house surgeon, but he expired in a few hours. Mr. Neale asked by every means in his power, to prevent the melancholy conclusion, and had expressed the deepest sorrow for it. As the prisoner had not yet been held, he wished the magistrate to postpone his decision, and admit the prisoner to bail. The magistrate said he would adjourn his decision until after the inquest; and accept the prisoner's master as bail for his appearance.

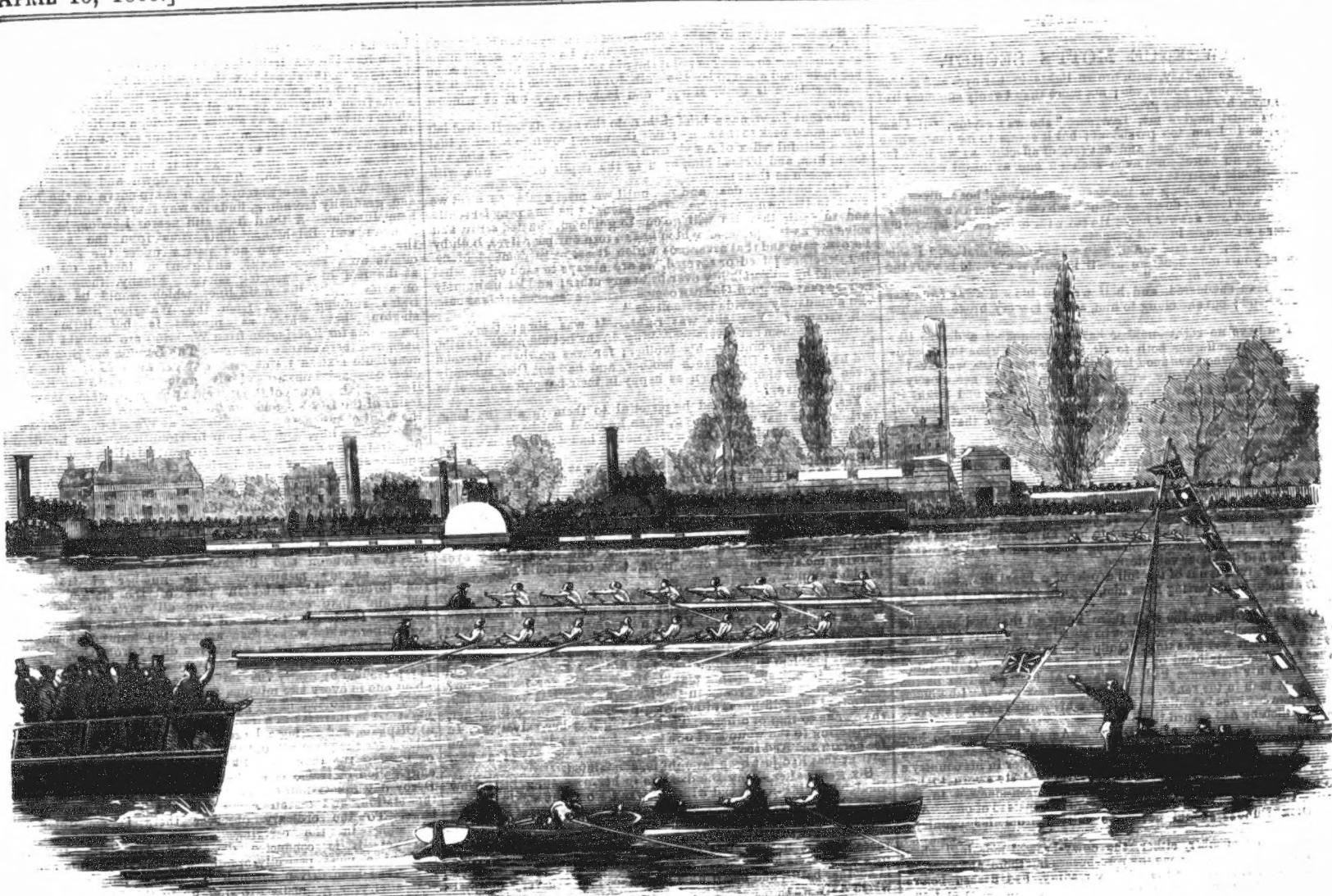
DARING WATCH ROBERT—EXCITED CHASE
Dressed young man, giving the name of Walter Quailson, was his address
Kent-street, Borough, was charged, after robbing Thomas Robert Nichol
of a watch, valued at £25, from the evidence it appeared that
prisoner and another named Smith, came up to the prosecutor in the
Kent-road, and the watch at his watch, and before he could prevent it
cleared it with it. He gave information to the p. l. ice, and on the follow
day 928 P noticed the prisoner and his companion. They came on their
at a good pace down St. Andrew's-road, changing hats on their
face. Getting into Union-square they got over the fence 7 ft. high. The
stable followed as quickly as possible, but lost sight of them until he
into a house, from the back of which he again perceived them
men, who mounted the roof about forty garden walls and fences. The o
again pursued them, but lost them, as they had made their way out by T
square, climbing another high wall. With the aid of one her constable
however, managed to track the prisoner to 38, Kent-street. He had m
up stairs room, considerably exhausted from the exertion. He was m
escape. He denied being the party, but he was taken to a place of wood were
searching him a peculiarly made knife was found, which he used by burglar
which, it was known, was the knife used by burglar to the unfortunate
catch by house. Letters for the removal of property. The prisoner
carried by himself. He was then remanded.

GREENWICH.

[illegible]



PRINCE ARTHUR IN THE EAST.—VIEW OF BEYROUT. (See page 701.)



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

THE twenty-second contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for the "blue riband of the river," was decided on Saturday in out-rigged eight-oared boats—the distance being from the Star and Garter, Putney, to a flag-boat moored a little above the Ship at Mortlake. The first race between the two Universities was rowed at Henley, in 1829, when the Oxonians proved successful. The course was then altered, the crews rowing from Westminster to Putney—Cambridge scoring four wins in succession, in 1836, 1839, 1840, and 1841. In 1842 the Oxonians won, the distance again being altered to the present one of Putney to Mortlake, over which course the race has been rowed ever since, either up or down, according to the tide. Cambridge next scored three wins in succession, in 1845, 1846, and 1849; two races being rowed in the latter year, the second of which was won by the Oxonians; as also the next two races, in 1852 and 1854. In 1856 the contest became an annual one, Cambridge winning in 1856, 1858 and 1860; Oxford proving successful in 1857, 1859, 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864, thus winning eleven races out of twenty-one.

From an early hour of Saturday morning large crowds were seen making their way, by road and rail, to the scene of action; and, as the appointed hour approached, Putney-bridge and the adjacent thoroughfare became almost impassable. The ground both in front and rear of the Star and Garter, where the Cambridge men were seen looking from the windows eager to have a good look at the crew and so on their condition. The space of ground in front of the White Lion, where the Oxford crew were located, was besieged with spectators, being almost blocked up by the living freights brought down by the special trains from Waterloo, which followed each other in rapid succession. The traffic by road was unprecedentedly large, Hansom cabs and private carriages pouring in in an almost unbroken line. There was, as usual, a large muster of the sporting element present at the various steamboats; the partisans of the rival Universities being easily distinguished by the light or dark blue ribands they displayed. By twelve o'clock the river presented a very lively appearance, there being a great number of steamboats present, besides several steam tugs, one or two screw yachts, and a flotilla of small craft. Flags floated from the various taverns, and the towing-path was completely lined with equestrians and pedestrians as far as the eye could reach.

Both boats were built by Messrs. Salter, of Oxford, and were splendid specimens of the boat-builder's art. The following is a correct return of the names and weights of the two crews, and the position occupied by each man in the boat:—

	st.	lb.
OXFORD.		
1. R. T. Baikes, Merton	11	0
2. H. F. Senhouse, Osh. Oh	11	1
3. E. F. Henley, Oriel	12	10
4. G. G. Coventry, Pemb.	11	12
5. A. Morrison, Balliol	12	6
6. W. Wood, Pembroke	12	1
7. H. Schneider, Trinity	11	11
8. M. Brown, Trinity	11	4
Cox, C. Tottenham, Osh. Oh	7	13
CAMBRIDGE.		
1. H. Watney, St. John's	11	0
2. M. H. Reece, St. John's	10	13
3. E. V. Pigot, Corpus	12	0
4. B. A. Kinglake, Trinity	12	8
5. D. F. Stevenson, Trinity H.	12	2
6. G. H. Borthwick, Trinity	11	10
7. W. R. Griffiths, Trinity	11	10
8. O. Lawes, Trinity	11	10
Cox, F. H. Archer, Corpus	7	2

The start was from barges moored opposite the Star and Garter, at Putney, and the winning flag boat was placed 200 yards above the Ship, at Mortlake. Mr. J. W. Chitty, of Exeter College, Oxford, was again the umpire; Mr. Edward Searle officiated as starter, and John Phelps as judge at Mortlake.

The crews did not come out until half-past twelve, and then proceeded to their station—Oxford winning the choice, and going to the Middlesex side. There was not a ripple upon the water at the time, excepting those made by the steamers, who got so far ahead that the men did not start until five minutes past one.

They neither of them went away very well, but in five or six seconds they were all right, and Cambridge immediately took the lead, and gallantly had forced their nose a quarter of a length ahead at Simmonds's, which they increased to half a length at the boat-house. The rowing in both boats was now extraordinary. Cambridge doing three or four strokes per minute more than their opponents. Gradually the Oantabs went on gaining, and having cleared themselves at Orasen, took their opponents' water at the Crab Tree, and went in front, under Hammersmith bridge, two lengths ahead. On passing Chiswick the Oxonians now began to draw upon their opponents, and in the upper part of the reach, before arriving at Barnes, there was a change. Oxford went gallantly into the first place, and won by three lengths. Time, 21 min. 25 sec. The Oantabs were much distressed. They rowed with desperation, but to no avail.

The Prince of Wales, who was specially invited by the Thames Subscription Club, wrote to Mr. Smith, the hon. sec., expressing his regret that he was unable to attend, having made an arrangement to pay a visit to Sandringham.

ELOPEMENT IN HUMBLE LIFE.—An incident occurred yesterday at Holyhead which excited a good deal of conversation and some amusement among the humbler classes of that town. It appears that some time ago a labourer named Patrick Drury, about thirty years of age, went to board at the house of a fellow-labourer in Holyhead, named Hugh Hughes. He had not been long there, however, when Hughes noticed that his lodger and his wife were on rather too familiar terms, which roused his jealousy, and he sent the former to look for quarters elsewhere. It turned out subsequently that his suspicions were but too well founded, for during his absence from the house yesterday, the pair, pursuant, no doubt, to previous arrangement, went off together, taking with them all the husband's savings, consisting of £29 in gold, besides the greater portion of his wearing apparel. Information having been given to the police, Inspector Owen set out in pursuit of the fugitive lovers, and traced them at first to a station near Holyhead. He then learned that they had walked to another station, from whence they had taken the train to Chester, and from the latter place he traced them to Liverpool. He arrived here about half-past five in the evening, and ascertained that the Dublin steamer was about to sail, and suspecting that he would turn his steps in that direction with his fair one and the other booty, the police-officer proceeded to the steamer, on board of which he found the objects of his search. He arrested Drury on the charge of having stolen the clothes and money of Hughes, and lodged him in the bridewell, preparatory to taking him back to Holyhead to-day. Drury stated that he only intended to take Mrs. Hughes on a trip to Dublin to show her the beauties of the Irish capital, and then to return her to her husband.

—Liverpool Post.

Our special correspondent in London states that within a couple of years the Prince Imperial of France is to make a royal visit to the United States and take a tour in the country. He is to be attended by a splendid fleet and two or three Ministers of State, and move about with brilliancy which will completely, it is said, eclipse our recollections of the Prince of Wales's pageant.—New York Herald.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S VISIT TO THE EAST.—BEYROUT.

Among the celebrated places in the route of Prince Arthur's tour in the East, is Beyrou, an engraving of which we give on page 700.

Beyrou, or Beirut, a sea-port town of Syria, on the south side of an extensive bay, is forty-eight miles from Tripoli. There are here no public buildings of any beauty or importance, nor are many remains of antiquity to be met with; for though the modern town occupies the site of the ancient one, the latter was long since destroyed by repeated earthquakes, and the recent buildings are erected over the ruins of those which they have superseded. Along the shore, however, and in part under the water, are some mosaic pavements, fragments of columns, and (west of the town) a thick wall, supposed to be of the time of Hared the Great. The bazaars are large and well frequented; but there seems to be a deficiency of private shops, and the streets are, in general, narrow and crooked. A plentiful supply of water from a tolerably large river, and a great number of wells, modify, in some degree, the heat of the atmosphere, and render the town much cleaner than the generality of those in the East. The walls (of a soft sandstone) are about three miles in circumference, and the suburbs are perhaps equal in extent to the town itself. The neighbourhood is very fertile, producing all kinds of fruit; but the chief article of cultivation is the mulberry tree, an extensive and important manufacture being carried on here of silk goods, especially of shawls. Beyrou had formerly a small port, of very inferior dimensions, and is scarcely sufficient to shelter boats. There is, however, good anchorage one third of a mile from the town, in six or seven fathoms; and large ships may anchor a little farther out in ten or eleven fathoms. After centuries of neglect, it seems to be again rising into some importance as a place of trade.

Beyrou was a very ancient town of the Phœnicians, deriving its name, according to Stephen of Byzantium, from the number of its wells, the prefix *beer* signifying a well in the language of the country. Under the Romans it rose to great eminence, notwithstanding it had been entirely destroyed in the wars of Alexander's successors, about eighty years before the Roman conquest of Syria. Augustus planted in it a colony, gave it his daughter's name, with the addition of the epithet *Felix*. A school of law, established here in the beginning of the third century (probably by Alexander Severus), continued for 300 years, or till the town was overwhelmed by an earthquake in 551, to be the most celebrated institution of the kind in the empire. But the town again revived; and, under the Saracens, attained to considerable importance. It was frequently captured and recaptured during the Crusades, at which period the mole, forming its port, was destroyed. In the 17th century it was, for a short while, the capital of the famous Druse Emir, Fakr-ed-Din, and latterly it fell into the hands of Djazzar, Pasha of Acre, who built its present walls, cut a canal from the river to the town, erected several fountains, and otherwise improved and beautified the place.

The Phœnician deity Baal-Berith (Lord of Wells) is said to have been named from, or to have given name to, this place, which is also famous in Christian legends as the scene of St. George's victory over the dragon.

THE LION AND HIS MASTER.—At Libourne, Gironde, France the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, named Peson, had been performing with a lion, and was on the point of quitting the cage when the animal sprang forward and threw him to the ground, with his face downwards. The spectators were much alarmed, and began to tear his clothes. The lion fastened on the man's back, but Peson, with great presence of mind, coolly asked for his whip, which he had dropped, and then speaking up to the animal with authority, succeeded in disengaging himself, and soon brought his assailant to perfect obedience, getting off with a few slight scratches.

Literature.

LAWRENCE MOTT'S SECRET.

A FAIR and gentle lady, with brown lights in her eyes and golden lustre in her hair—young, too; not more than twenty summers had shown upon her slender grace.

"You must forgive me, Lawrence," she was saying, "if I am wrong, or if I am too persistent; but it seems to me that, where two have such tenderness and entirety of affection as we have for each other, no secret—not even such an one as this of which you speak—should separate them."

She stopped, blushing to the very boundaries of her snow-white temples, and looking down, as though ashamed of her own audacity. But he did not answer her. He sat with half-averted looks—his eyes stern with some inward purpose.

"Lawrence," she said again, with a kind of desperation, "if this secret of yours must separate us—if it must, it ought to become the common property of both."

The man shuddered, and half writhed himself away from her tender hand; but she clung to him, and a low cry broke from her lips.

"You have no right—neither has—to pronounce a decree like this, without suffering both to sit in judgment upon the circumstances—we, who have such love for each other! Oh, we have!"

He drew her suddenly within his arms, folding her closely—suffering keenly in her pain, but with a certain awe and fright in his deep eyes, and saying nothing, save what his strong clasp of her said—even putting no kisses on the little face that he loved better than he did his own life.

He waited till the sobs which shook her had subsided; then he rose, and putting her in his seat, knelt before her, with his head upon her knees.

In the suspense of that moment broke the liquid carol of a red-throated bird that he had brought her when he came home from the army the first time. That was two years ago. How well she remembered it!—and he had come to her, and kneeling as he knelt now, had asked her loving blessing upon him and the cause in which he had that hour volunteered.

She had given it out of the full depths of a heart that, torn as it was at thought of parting from him, scorned to deny him to such a cause.

Did the bird upon the wall then know all that had happened since? Scarcely—or it would not be bursting its throat with song when her heart was breaking. Quilp—he had named the bird so after the little contraband of whom he had bought it—Quilp didn't know how her Lawrence had gone away at first, proud to be the humblest man in the ranks, and had come back to her with golden bars upon his broad shoulders, and upon his white forehead the scar with which he had earned them.

Quilp didn't know how Dick Dundee—Amy's brother, who had been like a parent to her in their days of orphanage—had smitten all her high pride in him, by turning traitor in his country's darkest hour; nor how brave Lawrence had tenderly sworn to her to be so good a soldier, so lion-hearted and iron-sinewed in the strife, that if should be as though he were two instead of one. And so, Dick Dundee should never be missed from his country's need.

Did Quilp remember, either, the dewy-browed morning, when Lawrence had hidden among the rose-bushes out there, and starting up suddenly, as she sat in the window reading, had flashed before her at once the raptures of his own unexpected presence and the gold and scarlet beauty of Quilp, whose song was as unrivalled as his plumage.

"Oh, Lawrence! Oh, my love, my love!" she moaned, as all that happy time came back to her, seeming to moor, with its brightness this morning, on which he had come to tell her, that since he had seen her last, there had been born a frightful something that must separate them for ever.

He moved as she spoke—he started up as out of a momentary trance, and, holding his hands to her, but avoiding her eyes, said, "Good-bye, Amy, and God bless you for ever and ever!"

She put her little cold hands in his, and stood up beside him saying, with a frightened look:

"It is cruel and wicked to leave me so, without telling me why."

He turned sharply towards her, deadly whiteness creeping over her face.

"Am I cruel? I thought it was the Lord's own mercy not to tell you. I never meant that you should know there was any such secret. Amy, I have sought death in these months that are past, everywhere that death was most likely to be found. I hoped, every time the cannon crashed, that they were sending death to me. I meant to die sooner than tell you, and God knows whether it would be most merciful, to tell you, or to die still sooner than that."

"It is more merciful by far to tell me," she said, laying her cheek to his hand.

He looked startled, but he let her cross him so, while she continued:

"Have we not said, many times, that sorrow borne together would be sweeter than joy separated? When God gave you and me this love, which has been our solace these three years now, He gave to us, whether we would or no, communion of joys and sorrows. Tell me this secret, Lawrence. Whatever it is, I can bear better to know it than so lie under its pressure and not know what it is crushing me."

"You will hate me."

Her tender eyes looked at him with startled questioning, but she said:

"I shall never hate you."

"Not if I have inflicted upon you the greatest injury it were possible to inflict upon you?"

She waited a moment to choose her words, not to ponder her decision.

"You are incapable of deliberately injuring any one. The unwitting offence God hath charge of, not I."

"God knows it was unwitting—that I would sooner have gone to death myself! Oh, Amy, child, don't look at me so. Surely you understand! It was in the din and smoke of battle! The insanity of a terrible strife was upon me! I was blind and dizzy with it all, and suddenly I saw—and my sword was rooking with his blood; my sword, which has been accursed in my sight ever since! Have I killed you, too, Amy?"

Slowly drooping while he spoke, she had fainted quite away.

When consciousness returned to her he had gone. She was alone with her anguish, and the bird upon the wall was making the very air quiver with his song.

What had happened? She could not think at first, and then it all came back to her, and she thought she was going to faint again, but she did not.

Poor Dick, her own, own brother Dick—dead, and thus!

Where was Lawrence? Why had he not stayed to comfort and support her under the burdens of this grief, as he had of so many others?

And then suddenly she remembered again it was his hand dealt the blow. Her poor, poor Lawrence. Even Dick would pity if he knew, such pain and woe as his must be. Dick and he had been such fast friends in the old days, and long before Lawrence had loved her. Boys together, firmest of friends, not even Amy had felt his defection from the true cause more keenly than Lawrence had.

Strange, that she had never thought of the possibility of this—

never feared these two encountering each other with such deadly happening as this. But she had not.

She was not one to make much moan or outcry, even under such a blow as this. She wished vaguely that Lawrence would come and somehow comfort her; but she did not send for him, and when her little maid came to lay the cloth for dinner, she just said, "My brother Dick is dead, Mary," and looked away out of window again.

She sent Lawrence a brief little note the next day. He had left town, gone back to the army; but the note, grown to a letter, that was a faithful reflex of Amy's own sincere heart, followed him, and found him, and blessed him, even in the depth of that woe, with such words as these:—

"God bless you, dear, and me, until we meet again, as meet we must, in His own good time. Until then, let us both pray fervently and in faith that He will go out to guide our dizzied sense, and solve for us this problem, which has so torn our poor lives, both by its own pain and that severance which it seems to demand of us. But, whether joined or severed, we are always to each other what we could by no possibility ever be to any other; and let us humbly believe that our good God can compassionate even such trials as ours, and abundantly provide for its needs."

Severance? Yes, she was right. It was time; there was nothing for them but severance. Why, in the hot blindness of strife, he had slain her brother—his brother; for was not hers his—and had he not loved Dick like a brother, and had not Dick solemnly given Amy to him, and been as happy in their happiness almost as they themselves?

Yes, severance—and God be merciful to them in all the long, terrible years that were coming, when he could not have a thought of Amy, nor she of him, that would not be haunted by Dick's dead, dead face.

Severance—but for all that, the letter was balm to him, and more. It saved him that frenzy that was tempting him to go out and lose his life with a wantonness that even amid the carnage of battle would not have saved it from being self-destruction. It took him back to a refuge and consolation which, since that terrible day, he had despairingly turned his face from. With that letter between his hands, and his hard heart softening, and his hot, dry eyes growing moist, he prayed once more, that God would be merciful to him a sinner.

At home, Amy, after that letter was written, sank into a dull apathy. Lips and cheek lost colour, and her form its roundness. People said she was dying. You can imagine, perhaps, what news that was to go to Lawrence.

But Amy was not to die thus. She had asked God to solve for her this problem that had so torn her life and Lawrence. Would He solve it, and she sitting blankly there gazing for its solution? Some echo of those groans in the far-away hospitals reached her, and out of the selfishness of her own pain, which was killing her, she awoke to that of others. That waking was her salvation. In ministering to the wounds of others, she found at least alleviation for her own. And then, one day bending over the cot of a new patient that had just been brought in, she fainted.

Six weeks after, Amy Dundee was in her own snug little New England sitting-room, and with her was a worn and sickly soldier. Dick Dundee was not dead; and the pale, gaunt wreck of what had been a stalwart, strong-limbed man, was he.

He had indeed lain for days upon that bloody field, where Lawrence thought he had slain him; but rescued from death almost by a miracle, he had subsequently been wounded and taken prisoner in another battle, and had drifted by chance into the very hospital where Amy was.

Far away from all this, meanwhile, Lawrence Mott got none of the messages Amy sent him, nor dreamed of the blessed, blessed truth. He went to do his duty, though; and he had dim visions of getting his death-wound at his post, and then going back to die in Amy's arms.

One day he thought he had got it, and, despite remonstrance and surgical prohibition, he succeeded in inducing some of his comrades to take him to her. A telegram warned her that he was coming.

They brought him into the little rose-shadowed sitting-room, looking like death indeed; but lifting very thankful eyes and raptured smiling mouth to Amy's sweet face as it bent above him.

"They said it would hasten my death to come—that I would not live to get to you; but I knew I should. It's all right now—my life for his, and so—"

It flashed upon Amy, suddenly. He didn't know yet that Dick was not dead. Kneeling, she held his head upon her shoulder, while, in such gentle and tender phrases as to spare him the most agitation, she told him.

He was slow to believe. He would not believe till Dick Dundee was himself assisted to his side, and the two wasted hands met.

Nobody dreamed it possible for Lawrence Mott to recover; but he did. For weeks his life hung in the balance (being never despairing), and then he began to improve, growing stronger day by day, till he was able to stand.

One afternoon, then, he and Amy stood up together, and with the late autumn sunbeams floating into the room, and Quilp flooding the air with song, the two were made one.

In His own good time, as Amy prophesied, God had solved for them that problem which so rent their lives. In this case, that solution held Dick Dundee restored to the faith from which he had wandered so strangely.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Another glorious week for out-door gardening has set in; and now remove annuals from frames as soon as they begin to show colour, and protect them should they require it. Place carnations and pinks in a sheltered place, and water occasionally. Sow pansies for autumnal flowering, and put in cuttings of favourite sorts; sow all kinds of perennials. Plant and prune evergreens, roll and sweep lawns, and expedite all work previously set out if not already done.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow cabbages, celery, dill, fennel, marjoram, radishes, spinach, peas, beans, onions, &c., and thin out and hoe up advancing crops. Plant slips, offsets, or cuttings of lavender, sage, sorrel, savory, tansy, thyme, and other sweet herbs. Plant out cauliflowers, broccolis, and similar greens. Camomile may now be increased by dividing the roots. Add linings to cucumber beds.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Thin apricots. Look well now to disbudding; proceed with all celerity but with care. Look over grafted trees, and remove all the shoots below the scion. Protect wall trees in bloom from bleak winds; and do not remove any protection till the fruit is fairly set.

"And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;
'Twas we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.'"

—SHAKESPEARE.

Benson's Pocket Dials are artistic, accurate time-markers, made in every size, suitable for everybody, and are sent to every part of the Kingdom, safe by post, at 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, and 35 guineas in gold cases; and at 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25 guineas in silver cases. A descriptive pamphlet sent free for two stamps.—J. W. Benson, Lutgate-hill, watch and clock maker to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—(Advertisement.)

HOBBSMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,350 Agents.—(Advertisement.)

SOMETHING LIKE RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

LET us endeavour to furnish a guide to the labyrinth, and explain how the vast traffic is conducted at Clapham Junction. From his eyrie in the signal-box the signalman has on the north side—that is, the side nearest the Thames—the Kensington line. It starts from Clapham, passes along the South-Western and by a sharp curve finds its way across the bridge to Kensington. From the South-Western system there are four separate branches which run across the Thames to Kensington. The one just mentioned is the South-Western line. Next to it, but nearer London, is the Great Western branch. This dips down and passes under the South-Western, sweeps round by a sharp curve on the low level, and, gradually ascending, finds its way into the north side of Clapham Junction. A third line, still nearer London, is that of the London and Brighton. This runs from the south side of the station, dips down and passes under the South-Western, climbs up a steep ascent, and gains a footing on the bridge at the end of a sweeping curve. Finally, there is a branch on a level with the main line, which would be available for trains running direct from the Waterloo Station to Kensington, but which at present is but little used, as passengers for Kensington from Waterloo are brought on to Clapham, and there change carriages. The London and South-Western contribute sixteen trains each way per week to this line, and the other companies upwards of fifty trains. Next to the Kensington line, and lying south of it, is a shunting-yard, where many of the trains of the London and South-Western are made up, owing to the want of sufficient accommodation at Waterloo. Then we have the Windsor line, with its loop to Hounslow. One hundred and fifty trains per day pass to and fro on this line, and then comes another shunting-yard and harbour of refuge for luggage trains. We now reach the main line, which throws off its junctions at Wimbledon for Mitcham and Croydon, and Epsom and Leatherhead; the Hampton Court, the Weybridge, the Woking, the Basingstoke, the Andover, the Bishopstoke, and other junctions. One hundred and thirty-two trains passed along this portion of the system on Thursday last. Beyond this again lies the London and Brighton Line, with its Kensington siding, already mentioned. The number of trains which run through this Brighton part of the station is nearly 100, and they communicate with all parts of the Brighton system. It will give an idea of the ramifications of the railway system here when we say that, among the trains just mentioned, there was some half-dozen which ran direct from Croydon to the Euston Station. A day's traffic in and out of this Clapham Junction is represented by nearly 700 trains, or a number which would give about one in every two minutes throughout the twenty-four hours. There is no moment of the day, from six in the morning till six at night, when there is not a train actually on one or other of the lines at Clapham, and during a large part of the day the travelling will seldom see the place without three or four trains entering, standing, or leaving the junction. There are times when this enormous aggregation of traffic is swollen by special trains. On the last Derby day ninety-four special trains and engines passed through the station, and on an Ascot day the number is nearly as large. To the ordinary observer there is something overwhelming in the carrying on of this enormous traffic, and yet it is conducted day after day with the regularity of a most perfectly-ordered machine. All this enormous power has been driven through the station month after month, year after year, gradually growing up to its present dimensions, without a single casualty involving injury to person or property. More than 250,000 trains pass up and down each year through Clapham Junction; but so admirably is the whole system worked, that not one has come into collision with another, and not a human being of the many millions has sustained the slightest injury at this place. We commend this fact to the notice of Mr. Bentinck, when next he rises in his place in the House of Commons to charge railway managers and directors with recklessness in the conduct of the traffic upon a railway. Through the frosts of winter and the heat of summer—through the driving sleet and snow, or the howling gusts of wind—in times of bright sunshine and of thickest fog—by day and by night—these trains keep up their constant and unbroken course, and no man can point to the record of a single casualty caused by them as they ran through Clapham Junction. This is one of the great facts which are only not appreciated because they are recurring every day, and passing constantly before our eyes.—*Railway News.*

THE LARGEST RAILWAY BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.—The proposed bridge which is to carry the South Wales and Great Western Direct Railway across the river Severn, near to Chepstow, is, according to the design of Messrs. Fowler and Filton, the engineers, to be two miles and a quarter in length, and is to have sufficient headway to permit masts of ships of 122 feet in length to pass under when the surface of the river is at the level of mean tide, so as in no way to impede the navigation. The principal opening which is to cross the low-water channel is to be 600 feet span, being the total width of the Thames at South-wark-bridge, or 150 feet wider than the span of the Menai-bridge. Messrs. Fowler and Filton estimate the probable cost of this bridge at £980,000, for which sum the eminent firm of Messrs. Cochrane, Grove, and Co. have undertaken to complete the work. The gradients upon this new route will be such as to make the line between London and the South Wales coal-fields better adapted to a large coal and mineral traffic than any other line of the same length in the kingdom. The shortening of distance and securing the better gradients will practically diminish the journey between Milford Haven, the South Wales coal-fields, and London by about forty miles.

WORRIED BY DOGS.—A few mornings since a shocking affair, which terminated almost fatally, occurred to a man named Effington, who keeps the post-office at St. Catherine's, a village situated a short distance from Guildford. It appears that shortly after seven o'clock on the morning in question Effington started to deliver letters at the various houses in the village, and on entering the yard adjoining the residence of Mrs. Pope he was attacked by a large mastiff, aided by a retriever, which knocked him down and lacerated his hands, arms, and other portions of his body in a frightful manner. In addition to other injuries, the poor fellow received a compound fracture of the right leg, which was attended with very serious symptoms. Several of the female servants went to the assistance of the unfortunate postman, and with great difficulty succeeded in beating the dogs off; but had they been left to themselves a few moments longer, the animals would most certainly have killed their victim. The services of Messrs. Butler and Schollick, surgeons, were obtained, but in spite of every attention the poor fellow is not yet out of danger. The explanation given is that it was usual to allow these large dogs to wander about the premises during the night, and that the boy whose duty it was to fasten them up had not arrived when the postman called. The dogs were notorious in the neighbourhood, and were never allowed out of the grounds without a keeper.

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